THE MARION DAILY STAR.

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NDER GALORE.

rge Amount of Burglar's Spoils Turned Up.

STARTLING DISCOVERIES.

rrest of James Stevens Chaffee In on Results In the Recovery of , and Bonds of the Par Value of 000 — Foreign and United States ps Included In the Swag.

ON, Nov. 13. — The arrest of Stevens Chaffee of this city by olice Monday and the recovery of 20,000 worth of plunder, was followed last night by even more startling rns In addition to the property vered yesterday, stocks and bonds e value of $141,000 (par value) rought to the inspector's office. erday afternoon Chief Inspector and Assistant Inspector Dugan panied the prisoner Chaffee to his on Mount Vernon street, West ry. for the purpose of unearthing plunder which Chaffee said was d in the cold air box of the fur- n the cellar. The cellar was d but nothing found.

party went back to headquarters ere surprised to find Mrs. Chaffee ing their return. After some hesi- she informed Chief Watts that if uld bring her husband home again ould hand over the stocks and She said she had removed the ntaining them from the cold air the cellar. The police drove to haffee house again and Mrs. Chaf- ent to the back stairway and t out the box from underneath airs. It was taken to headquar- here the contents were examined. was found certificate No. 74 for shares of the O. K. Gold Mining ny's stock, valued at $100 per certificates No. 55 and 56 for 20 each of the Nelson Lumber com- f St. Paul, dated Oct. 25, 1881, at $1,000 per share, and deben- ond No. 573 of the Central Iowa d, value $1,000.

e Smith & Wesson revolvers were und in the box, and among other of value were 225 sheets of for- postage stamps and a large num- United States stamps, some of were valued as high as $60 each. greement was found signed by William Barrett by which she d over all her husband's property affee.

rett is a notorious criminal now g a life sentence for murder in tate, and Chaffee claimed, when ed, that all the stuff which was on his premises had been given n by Barrett in return for his hav- ent a great deal of money in Bar- defense at the time of the murder

portant letters were also brought ht from the bottom of the box, shows that Chaffee did not oper- th Barrett in his burglaries, by , doubtless, the bulk of the prop- was obtained. He sticks to his n the main as told by him Mon- and the police place considerable ce in it, excepting that part in n he stated he did not know the were stolen when he received The charge against Chaffee has ngly been changed from that of ing and entering to that of receiv- olen goods while knowing them e been stolen.

RECORD BROKEN.

our Train Makes Fast Time Between Cleveland and Cincinnati.

CINNATI, Nov. 13.—The Big Four ay broke the record on time be- Cleveland and Cincinnati yester- with a special train bearing the bers of the Cleveland chamber of merce en route to the Atlanta ex- on. The distance is 263 miles. rain left Cleveland at 1:35 p. m. arrived here at 7 p. m., averaging 50 miles per hour. The distance overed in 5 hours and 25 minutes. t had never been made before in han six hours. The train consisted baggage, two dining cars and Wagner sleepers.

KNOCKED SENSELESS.

ighters Seem to Have Full Swing In Cincinnati.

CINNATI, Nov. 13.—A large crowd present at the Olympic club here ight to witness Jimmy Ryan and ge Johnson, colored, fight 10 rounds 600. Johnson was the taller and er, and for three rounds displayed ce. In the fourth round the col- man swung his right, but was ered with a jab on the chin that d him from the floor. He fell ly, and was rendered unconscious. n was awarded the prize.

Murderers at Large.

TLE ROCK, Nov. 13.—Fred Crocker, n of R. M. Crocker, a prominent n of Sulphur Springs, was mur- by Captain Franks and Al Lit- both of Southwest City, Mo., on ublic highway in Benton county unday night. The murderers are rge.

Another Preacher's Downfall.

LOUIS, Nov. 13.—Rev. Dr Wil- T Lee of Benton, a suburb of this has been found guilty of the charge ndue familiarity with female mem- of his flock, preferred against him. has been formally suspended from Presbyterian church.

Convicted of Assault.

S ANGELES, Nov. 13.—Clifton E. , who has been on trial for the k for assaulting Elsie Shipton. , has been found guilty.

Wallpaper Plant Burned.

SE, Pa., Nov. 13.—The plant of ra Wallpaper company was de- d by fire, of supposed incendiary n, entailing a loss of $150,000.

PRICE OF A WIFE.

Subsequent Events Prove That He Paid Too Much.

VANCEBURG, Ky., Nov 13.—Colonel John Lyter, the Grand Army veteran who purchased the young wife of the aged John Miller, the consideration being $20 in cash, a jug of whiskey and two beautiful hound pups, is, after many vicissitudes, happy again.

The girl a few weeks ago ran off with Lyter's nephew to Cincinnati. She was there deserted by the man. She then besought Colonel Lyter to take her back.

She came here and has been at the residence of friends until this morning, when the couple met by appointment at Conner's drug store. The girl signed an article drawn by Dr. Conner, in which she binds herself to forever be a dutiful, loving, virtuous and devoted wife. The couple sealed the contract with a kiss. Lyter says he and his wife will leave the state as soon as possible and go where they are entirely unknown, and will then begin life anew.

ACTION TAKEN

To Unite Reform Forces For the Campaign of 1896.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—An important step has been taken to bring about a union of reform forces for the campaign of 1896. A letter signed by about 100 men and women of one or the other of the minor parties, was sent to the national committeemen of the Populist, Prohibition and Socialist parties, asking that a subcommittee of three be appointed to confer with reference to a joint national conference.

At a conference held last summer, what is known as the "Staten Island basis of union" was adopted, and a committee composed of Edward Evans of Tonawanda, Mrs. Freeman Gray of San Francisco, and E. J. Wheeler was appointed a committee, with the heads of the various reform parties, relative to calling an authoritative union conference.

BADLY TANGLED.

Report of the Receiver of the Globe Investment Company.

BOSTON, Nov. 13.—Henry Wyman, receiver of the Globe Investment company, has filed his report. The company was organized in 1884, and during the last 11 years had negotiated more than $5,500,000 worth of loans on western farm mortgages and other collateral. The total amount of loans outstanding at the time of the last report was $3,383,522.15. The exact number of loans cannot be ascertained by the receiver, owing to the tangled condition of the company's affairs.

It has been learned that many of the loans were paid through the Kansas City office of the company, but were never cancelled, because the release, which was supposed to come from Boston, was not issued.

HORRIBLE HOLOCAUST.

Thirty-One Charred Bodies Taken From a Burned School Building.

GRANADA, Mex., Nov. 13.—A school building here, in which 150 children were present, caught fire and before anything could be done the whole building was ablaze, and in spite of the heroic efforts of the people the building was destroyed. Thirty-one charred bodies, including the teacher, have so far been taken out. The fire is believed to be of incendiary origin, and two boys who had been severely punished by the teacher and suspended from school are believed to be the authors of the crime. They have been arrested, but so far have not confessed.

RODE THEM ON RAILS.

Two Mormon Elders Have an Unpleasant Experience.

ASHLAND, Ky., Nov. 13.—A report from Whitepost, Pike county, states that two Mormon elders were taken from a church there Sunday night and ridden out of the state and into West Virginia on rails. The elders, who have been at work in West Virginia for some time, crossed Tug river in defiance of the warnings of the farmers, and were exhorting a large congregation to accept the Mormon faith when they were assaulted by a band of men who rode them out of the state, but subjected them to no other indignity.

SHOEMAKERS ON A STRIKE.

They Refuse to Work by the Week Instead of by the Piece.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 13.—Two hundred and fifty employes of Harding & Todd, shoe manufacturers of this city, struck. They claim they were forced to work by the week instead of by the piece, as has been the custom, and that 79 men were laid off and refused work unless they would leave the union. Two men were unjustly discharged, it is claimed, last Saturday, for damaged work which did not belong to them. The employers refuse to treat with the men.

Newspaper Man's Good Luck.

PEORIA, Ills., Nov. 13.—J. Cummings Drexel of this city, a nephew of the late Anthony Drexel of Philadelphia, received information that by the death of an aunt, Mrs. C. E. Kenilworth of Brighton, England, he is the heir of an estate valued at about $6,000,000.

Lawrence Beach Hotel Burned.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—The Lawrence Beach hotel at Lawrence, one of the largest summer hotels on Long Island, was destroyed by fire with its contents. The total loss, it is thought, will not fall short of $500,000.

Winners.

At St. Louis—London Metaire, Young Arion, Rey Del Mar, J B P.

At Lexington—H. Colien, Urania, Old Centre, Advocate.

At Kansas City—Black Satin, King Craft, Furlong, Marble Rock, Fazeaway.

At Baltimore—Henrade, Trinculo, Lake Shore, Defender, Leonawell.

A NARROW ESCAPE

An Insane Man With a Homicidal Mania.

THREATS LEAD TO HIS ARREST.

George M. Pullman and John B. Griffin Were to Have Been His Victims—Not Being Able to Decide Which One to Kill First the Police Had Time to Take Him Into Custody.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—The life of George M. Pullman and that of John B. Griffin, the manager of the Pullman building in this city, were menaced by an insane man last night. Both men were to have been shot and killed on or before Nov. 17 and 27. The delay of the maniac in making up his mind who should be the first victim gave the police time to arrest him. The prisoner is William Sherman, who has been employed as a window cleaner around the Pullman building. A woman fortune teller is at present held responsible for the suggestion that placed the lives of Mr. Pullman and his manager in jeopardy, and the police are now endeavoring to find her and ask why she advises her patrons to commit murder.

At 5 o'clock last night word was brought to Manager Griffin that Sherman, usually a steady and reliable man, was going about the building making threats to kill him or Mr. Pullman. Griffin at once started out to find the window cleaner, but he had left the building after repeating his threats to several people. Griffin then sent word to the police, and two officers were sent out to look for Sherman. After searching for some time they found him in the freight elevator and took him into custody.

He had no hesitation in declaring that he intended to kill either Mr. Pullman or Mr. Griffin or both of them. He said that after he had consulted a fortune teller he was unable to sleep. The woman told him that he was troubled by secret enemies, and that unless he killed them before Nov. 17 or 27 they would kill him. She described the men to him and the descriptions were those of Mr. Pullman and Mr. Sherman. The woman would not tell him the names of the men unless he paid her $5. This he declined to do. He knew the men by the descriptions he said. Sherman said that he would have killed one of the men in the afternoon if he could have made up his mind which one to take first. The man was palpably insane, and was removed to the detention hospital.

DELAYED NEWS.

Indiana Campaign Debt of $10,000 Settled by Wanamaker.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 13.—Members of the Indiana Republican state central committee say that John Wanamaker has sent $10,000 to Indiana in settlement of a claim the Republicans have urged since 1892. The story is that Wanamaker, presumably speaking for the national committee, agreed to stand good for the amount when the Republicans, under stress of weather, asked for help. W. T. Durbin of Anderson, depending upon the national committee's promise, borrowed the money for the committee and has been trying to secure settlement since.

LIVELY SKIRMISH

Between Spanish Soldiers and Antonio Maceo's Advance Guard.

HAVANA, Nov. 13.—The column of General Alvade, near the military line at Moron and Ciego Avila, fought and dispersed Antonio Maceo's advance guard coming from Holguin en route for province of Santa Clara. The loss of the insurgents was numerous, both of dead and wounded. Three of the Spanish soldiers were killed and one lieutenant. Nine soldiers were also wounded.

The insurgents' leader, Norval, it is learned in official circles, has surrendered with six armed men at Villa Clara.

DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Ex-Senator Palmer's Residence Completely Gutted.

DETROIT, Nov. 13.—Ex-Senator Thomas W Palmer's residence on Woodward avenue was completely gutted by fire. A large quantity of valuable bric-a-brac, paintings and furniture, valuable as mementoes and which can not be replaced, were destroyed. They include a complete world's fair record, the only one in existence, and scores of tokens collected during the senator's residence in Washington and in Spain. The insurance aggregates about $35,000.

Pennsylvania Election Returns.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 13.—The official vote of the belated Pennsylvania counties has been received at the state department. The vote for state treasurer is as follows: Haywood (Rep.), 456,745; Meters (Dem.), 282,481; Perry (Pro.), 20,778; Dawson (Peo.), 7,002; Anton (Socialist Labor), 1,329; scattering, 31. Haywood's plurality, 174,264.

Nashville In the Circuit.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 13.—The American Telephone and Telegraph company opened its long distance telephone exchange in this city and the many invited guests conversed with friends in New York and Philadelphia, exchanging congratulations and in some instances placing orders for goods.

Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The statement of the condition of the treasury shows: Available cash balance, $178,413,913; gold reserve, $92,918,479.

May Be Judge Carlisle.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The Post says that Secretary Carlisle may be appointed to the supreme court bench to succeed the late Justice Jackson.

RATHER GHASTLY FIND.

Skeleton of a Man Discovered at Old Fleetwood Furnace.

GLEN EBON, O., Nov. 13.—The skeleton of a man was found in the flue of old Fleetwood furnace. A bullet hole in the forehead showed how he had been killed. The body was hidden in the old furnace. A ring with "W. C." engraved on it was found on one finger. William Cummings mysteriously disappeared three years ago and it is believed this is his skeleton.

IT IS A GAS WELL.

On Applying a Match a Terrific Explosion Takes Place.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 13.—At Lockland, a suburb of this city, a natural gas well was struck yesterday. Some one who wanted to see if it really was a gas well thoughtlessly applied a match. A terrific explosion followed, seriously injuring John Kuuler, Julius Sonntag, Henry Nabors and C. F. Schmidt.

Poles Full of Fight.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 13. — Henry Du Lawrence, a young Polish attorney, expects to have between 300 and 400 Poles in this city about Nov. 25 ready to join the Cuban insurgents. The fighting spirit runs high among the Poles in Cleveland, their leaders declaring that if they can not fight for the freedom of Poland they desire to fight for Cuba.

Powder In Coal.

WASHINGTON C. H., O., Nov. 13.—Yesterday afternoon a lump of blasting powder, which was evidently left in the coal from the mines, exploded in the stove at Lawyer J. L. Zimmerman's office, demolishing the stove and stovepipe. Ashes, soot and parts of the stove were scattered about the room.

New Incorporations.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 13.—The following articles of incorporation have been filed in the office of the secretary of state: The Cahill-Hennessy-Holters company, Cincinnati, capital stock $50,000; the Philharmonic and Literary society, Ironton; the German Methodist Episcopal church, Berea.

Price of Oil Raised.

TOLEDO, Nov. 13.—The Standard Oil company raised the price of crude oil, north of Lima 80 cents, south of Lima 75, Indiana 71. This is a raise of 5 cents per barrel. There is great excitement among the oil men and intense activity in drilling.

Scarlet Fever at Zanesville.

ZANESVILLE, O., Nov. 13.—The scarlet fever epidemic in this city is spreading and the public schools and Sunday schools have been ordered closed for another week. There are at present over 40 cases in the city.

Editors Entertained.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 13. — About 300 editors of weekly papers in Ohio and Michigan and members of their families were entertained here previous to their departure on a special train for the Atlanta exposition.

After the Mayor.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 13.—The ministers of the city are after Mayor McKisson for allowing saloons open on Sunday.

Couldn't Preserve Themselves.

BELLAIRE, O., Nov. 13.—The Scotch Preserving company has assigned.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD

Creates a Sensation at Atlanta by Refusing to Parade With Soldiers.

ATLANTA, Nov. 13.—Not an officer or private of the regular army marched in the procession which led the Chicago visitors to the exposition grounds on "Chicago" day. The program had arranged for a military parade, which was to be led by the Fifth regiment of infantry, United States army. Colonel Koch, whose command is stationed here, was ready to lead his men, when the governor of Illinois put in his veto. John P. Altgeld said he would not ride in any parade in which federal troops were part of the procession, and inasmuch as it was Chicago day and the presence of John P. Altgeld as governor of Illinois was necessary to the occasion, the federal troops were left at home.

American Vessels Probably.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 13.—The government has received no advices of the seizure by Russians of any Canadian sealing vessels in Okhotsk sea. If any are in custody as reported they must be American, as all Canadian vessels are either at home or wintering in Japan.

Alabama Town Scorched.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Nov. 13.—The business portion of Haynesville, this state, was almost wiped out by fire, with a total loss of $80,000. Fifteen stores were burned. The total insurance is about $10,000.

Miss Crouch Free.

PARIS, Ky., Nov. 13.—At the preliminary trial of Miss Pearl Crouch and Nick Fletcher for being accessories to the killing of Doc Ellington, the girl was dismissed but the man was bound over.

Wages Advanced.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 13.—Based on the sales for the past two months the wages of the 20,000 sheet mill workers of the United States have been advanced 2 per cent for November and December.

ESSENCE OF THE NEWS.

Bulletins of Important Events From All Over the Country.

The capital stock of the New York Baseball club amounts to $250 000

During the month of October, 1895, the exports of breadstuffs from the United States amounted to $12,313,153, as against $9,351,061 during October, 1894

The third man to join the proposed balloon expedition to the north pole under the Swede Andre is Niels Strindberg of Stockholm. The expedition will start next year.

TURKS ARRESTED

And Other Precautionary Measures Taken.

SULTAN FEARS FOR HIS LIFE.

Another Change of Ministry Reported Imminent—Diplomats Regard the Recent Massacres at Erzeroum and Bitlis as Being Especially Flagrant—Police Fired at Christians on Sight.

LONDON, Nov. 13.—A dispatch from Vienna says that news has been received from Constantinople to the effect that many arrests of suspected young Turks have taken place, and other measures have been taken to insure the safety of the sultan.

It is also reported that a change of the ministry is imminent. It is probable that the candidate of the palace party, Mahmood Jelildan Pasha, will be the new grand vizier.

A dispatch from Constantinople says that the diplomats there regard the massacres at Erzeroum and Bitlis as being especially flagrant since the first appearance there of Shakir Pasha, the high commissioner appointed for the purpose of carrying into effect Armenian reforms. Shakir Pasha, who was appointed to this point during the latter part of July, has done nothing to punish criminals and offenders, and while at Bitlis the police fired upon every Christian passing in sight of the windows of the French consulate.

SACRIFICED HER SON.

The Awful Deed of an Insane Woman at Allentown.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Nov. 13.—Under a delusion that she was offering a sacrifice to the deity, Mrs. Elias Gilder, an insane woman of this city choked her infant son to death. The coroner's jury directed her removal to the hospital. Mrs. Gilder has been insane on religious subjects for several years.

Shot Three In Self-Defense.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 13.—Near Lafayette yesterday three drunken employes of the stave factory at Longbrook creek attacked Captain F. G. Pitts, the manager of the factory, with clubs and knives and were about to kill him, when he drew his pistol and fired four shots at them, fatally wounding two and seriously wounding the third. Had he not shot he would have been killed.

Murdered and His House Fired.

CHATHAM, Ont., Nov. 13.—At Thamesville, near here, the residence of William Cameron was gutted by fire. When the flames were subdued the body of Cameron was found lying on the floor, scarcely touched by fire, with the side of his head battered in. There was no lighted stove in the house and it is believed that the man was murdered and the house fired.

Worthy Purpose.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The seventh annual meeting of the needle workers guild of this city was held yesterday and was presided over by Mrs. Justice Harlan. The purpose of the guild is to furnish and distribute garments to the poor and needy. About 800 garments were contributed today from 200 members.

Big Blocks of Gold.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—The Bank of Montreal in this city has received from Kootenai, B. C., the second largest block of gold that has ever passed through the New York assay office. It is in the form of a sugar loaf, weighs 2,435 ounces, and is worth $41,857. The gold comes from the Cariboo mines.

Has No Senatorial Asperations.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 13.—When seen in regard to the statement made in a morning paper to the effect that he would be the Republican candidate for United States senator from Missouri, J. B McCullagh, editor of the Globe-Democrat, denied that he has any aspirations for that position.

Strike Settled.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 13.—The plumbers' strike in Pittsburg and Allegheny, which was inaugurated on Monday, has been settled and the men have returned to work. The demand for an increase of 10 per cent in wages was granted by the masters, to go into effect the first Monday in December.

Anson an Actor

SYRACUSE, Nov. 13.—Captain Adrian Anson of the Chicago base-ball club became an actor here last evening. Hoyt & McKee presented him to the public in Hoyt's new comedy, "A Runaway Colt." Anson had a bad case of stage fright, and several times missed his lines.

Anniversary Celebrated.

NEW YORK, Nov 13.—The eightieth anniversary of the birth of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the pioneer of the movement for woman's rights, was celebrated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening by the National Council of Women of the United States.

Pork Packing In Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Nov 13.—At a meeting of the Cincinnati Pork Packers' association Secretary Murry reported that 99,000 more hogs were packed here in the season of 1894-95 than in 1893-94, the total number the past season being 560,000 hogs.

Baptist Congress.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 13.—The thirteenth annual Baptist congress opened in the Central Baptist church here yesterday with a large attendance of delegates from all parts of the country. The sessions are to continue until tomorrow night.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TOO MUCH HASTE.

A Big Express Robbery at Colorado Springs.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Nov. 13.—The Wells-Fargo Express company has given out the following official statement regarding the robbery at the Santa Fe depot about 10 p. m.

"There was sent from Denver $20,000 to the First National bank of Colorado Springs early in the morning. The money was in currency of small denominations and was received about 4 o'clock and too late to be delivered to the bank. The package containing the money was placed in the depot safe and both doors locked. There was nothing to indicate its value. Evidently the thieves knew of its existence.

"When train No. 6 came in about 9:43 there were other packages aboard with currency to the amount of $35,000 consigned to the same bank. These packages were delivered to the agent and placed in the safe with the other. After the train had departed the agent, George Krout, went to the platform to straighten the trucks which were standing there, and when he returned he was met at the door by two masked men with drawn revolvers.

"The package containing the $20,000 was demanded, and the agent was compelled to open the safe and give it up. The agent said nothing about the remaining packages and the robbers left at once."

The express company's officials believe that the robbery was committed by A. J. Gray, alias Sam Wells, and J. G Stuart, alias C. J. Starr, who were arrested for the theft of $10,000 from the express wagon at Cripple Creek April 11, and who recently, in company with Tom McCarthy, escaped from jail in this city. R. T. Montgomery, who was a prisoner at the time of the escape, notified the police at Denver several days ago that Gray and Stuart plotted when in jail to rob the express company again. The officials of the company believe that the robbers had an accomplice in the bank.

FLYWHEEL BURSTS.

A Piece Weighing Two Tons Flies Over the Housetops.

ALBANY, Nov. 13.—The monster 20-ton flywheel in the power house of the Albany railroad burst yesterday afternoon and the hurling fragments inflicted injuries from which John Piehl died at the hospital. The others hurt are Charles Meyers, supervisor elect, leg and ankle bruised; Louis Thuis, head and left breast lacerated, may die; John Faust, head and legs injured.

One of the pieces crashed through the saloon of Charles Meyers across the street. In this were the dead man and the others injured. Another piece, weighing two tons, flew across the housetops for two blocks and tore off the roof and side of Elizabeth Motz's residence but injured no one.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

Sections Adopted Giving Railway Employes Right to Recover Damages.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 13.—In consideration of the article on corporations in the constitutional convention sections were adopted giving employes of freight as well as passenger trains the right to recover damages in case of injury while in service of railroad through the negligence of the company or their fellow employes. All railroads operating in this state, by another section, are required to secure charters from the state, although they are chartered in other states.

Important Announcement.

LONDON, Nov. 13.—A dispatch from Coburg, Germany, says that it is expected that the accouchment of the czarina will take place toward the end of November.

Verdict For Defendant.

BOSTON, Nov. 13.—The jury in the libel suit brought by Mrs. Helen Gouger, the temperance advocate of Lafayette, Ind., against Congressman Morse, brought in a verdict yesterday afternoon in favor of the defendant.

Battleship Texas Injured.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The battleship Texas has come to grief in the drydock at New York and has sustained injuries, the exact extent of which is not known here at present.

The Doctor Died.

WOOSTER, O., Nov. 13.—Dr. P. A. Spranger of Berne, Ind., who was visiting in Wayne county, O., was found dead on the public highway.

In Aid of Cuba.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—On Dec. 2 there will be opened in Masonic temple a fair held under the auspices of the Daughters of Cuba. The object of the fair will be to raise money with which to aid those who are wounded while fighting in the cause of Cuban independence.

Case Reassigned.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The interstate commerce case involving the right to compel witnesses to answer self-incriminating questions concerning railroad rates, was reassigned and set for the first Monday in January.

The Puritan Is Safe.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Nov. 13.—The steamer Puritan is off Great Gull island this morning. She is in New London harbor apparently not greatly damaged.

Assignment Creates Surprise.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 13.—Surprise was created in business circles last evening by the announcement that C. M. Loring, considered to be financially one of the solid men of the northwest, had made an assignment. Two years ago he was worth $800,000.

Reduced to Ashes.

ASHLAND, Wis., Nov. 13.—The Ashland Sulphite Fiberite company's immense plant was reduced to ashes Tuesday morning. The fire started in the acid room. Loss, $90,000; insurance, $42,000.

Weather Indications.

For Ohio—Fair, followed by cloudy; southeasterly winds and warmer.

For Indiana — Fair, followed by cloudy, warmer; southwesterly winds, possibly showers at night.

For West Virginia—Fair; winds shifting to easterly.

An Even Thing.

"Did you trade any when you wuz ter town?" asked Silas Oatbin.

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel, "some."

"How did you come out?"

"Twuz what ye'd call a stand off. I give a feller a counterfeit $50 bill fur a gold brick."—Washington Star.

MARKET REPORTS.

Grain and Stock Quotations For Nov. 12.

New York.

Beef—Family, $9 00@12 00; extra mess, $7 50 @8 00; packed, $9 00@11 00. Cut meats—Pickled bellies, 5½@6c; pickled shoulders, 6c, pickled hams, 8¾@9¼c. Lard—Western steam closed at $5 85. Pork—Old mess, $9 75@10 25; family, $12 75; short clear, $12 00 @14 00.

Butter—Western dairy, 10½@15c; do creamery, 14@25c, do factory, 10@14c; Elgins, 25c; imitation creamery, 12@17½c, state dairy, 12@21½c; creamery, 20@25c. Cheese—State large, 7½@10¼c; small, 7½@11c; part skims, 3½@7½c; full skims, 2½@3c. Eggs—State and Pennsylvania, 21@25c; western fresh, 19@22c.

Boston.

Wool—Ohio and Pennsylvania XXX, 21c; XX and above, 19c, X, 17½@18c, No. 1, 20@21c; No. 2, 21½@22c; fine unwashed, 12½@13c, unmerchantable, 15@16½c; Ohio combings, No. 1, ⅜@¼ blood, 21½@22c; No. 2, ¼ blood, 22@23c; Ohio delaine, 20@21c. Michigan, X and above, 17@17½c; No. 1, 19@20c; No. 2, 21@22c; fine unwashed, 11@12c; unmerchantable, 13½@14c; Michigan combings No. 1, ⅜@½ blood, 20c; No. 2, ¼ blood, 21@22c; Michigan delaine, 19c. Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri: Combing, ⅜ blood, 17@19c; do ¼ blood, 17@20c; do braid, 16@18c; clothing, ⅜ blood, 17@18c; do ¼ blood, 17@19c; do coarse 16@16½c.

Chicago.

Cattle—Fair to best beeves, $3 00@5 00; stockers and feeders, $2 20@3 85; mixed cows and bulls, $1 25@3 50, Texans, $2 00@3 30; western, $2 25@3 00.

Hogs—Light, $3 30@3 65; rough packing and shipping, $3 30@3 45; mixed and butchers', $3 30@3 70; heavy packing and shipping, $3 50 @3 70; pigs, $2 00@2 75.

Sheep—Native, $1 50@3 50; western, $2 00@3 10; Texas, $1 00@2 70. Lambs—$2 75@4 00.

Pittsburg.

Cattle—Prime, $4 40@4 60; fair to good butchers', $3 30@4 00; bulls, cows and stags, $1 50@3 00.

Hogs—Heavy, $4 05@4 15; medium, $3 80@3 90; roughs, $3 00@3 25.

Sheep and Lambs—Extras, $2 80@3 00; good prime, $2 20@2 50; common, 50c@$1 00; spring lambs, $2 25@4 25. Veal calves, $5 00@6 25.

Cincinnati.

Wheat—No 2 red, 66½c Corn—No. 2 mixed, 31½c Oats—No. 2 mixed, 21c. Rye—No. 2, 40c.

Lard—$5 45. Bulk meats—$4 75. Bacon—$6 00.

Hogs—$3 00@3 65. Cattle—$3 75@4 25. Sheep—$3 00@3 25. Lambs—$3 85@4 00.

Buffalo.

Hogs—Receipts 15 cars. Market strong; bulk $3 80@3 85, extra heavies, $3 85@3 90.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts 5 cars. Lambs strong; choice $3 90@4 25, fair to good $3 60@3 75; sheep steady at $2 25@3 25.

Toledo.

Wheat—64c. Corn—No 2 mixed, 28½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 20c. Rye—40c. Cloverseed—$4

SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

DR. KEEN'S LAST SONG

THE EVANGELIST PASSES TRIUMPHANTLY TO THE OTHER WORLD.

His Death Occurs at Delaware Monday Night—With an Anthem on His Lips He Quietly Falls Asleep—Well Known Here, Where His Work Will Be Recalled.

The death at his home in Delaware of Dr. S. A. Keen, the well-known evangelist of the Methodist Episcopal church, will touch a responsive chord of sympathy in the hearts of many Marionites who were personally acquainted with him and still many more who will recall his evangelistic work in this city.

It is now nearly two years since Dr Keen assisted and was largely instrumental in bringing about the most remarkable revival of religion ever known in this city, which took place at the Epworth M. E church. During that time he greatly endeared himself to church workers of this city.

Rev. J. L. Hillman, a personal friend of the deceased, left today for Delaware to attend the funeral services, which were held in Gray chapel by the request of the evangelist, at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

In a report of the death of Dr Keen, sent out from Delaware, is the following:

Monday night at 10:30 Dr. S. A. Keen passed triumphantly away at his home on Oak hill. Four weeks ago he returned from an evangelistic tour through the western states, and was completely broken down. Day by day during the past week he has grown weaker and weaker physically, though retaining his consciousness to the very last. His deathbed scene was a christian's triumph. Surrounded by all his family but one son and a few intimate friends he talked and sang like one just about to take a journey to a known bourn. When voice had grown weak and breath came slowly, while his face glowed with more than mortal radiance, he sang "O bear me away on your snowy wings, to my eternal home," and as these words died on his lips he fell asleep.

Rev. Samuel Ashton Keen, D. D., was born at Harrison, Hamilton county, O., May 12, 1842. At the age of 20 he enlisted as a private in company D, Eighty-third O. V. I. In '64 he was promoted to the first lieutenancy, in which position he served until the close of the war. Entering the Ohio Wesleyan at once, he graduated in the class of '68 and in the same year was admitted to the Ohio conference of the M. E church. He served the following charges as pastor: Main Street M. E. church, Chillicothe, 1868-70, Washington C. H, 1870-73; Wesley Chapel, Columbus, 1872-75; St. Paul's, Delaware, 1875-78; Third Avenue, Columbus, 1878-81; presiding elder, Lancaster district, 1881-85; Roberts Park, Indianapolis, 1887-89; Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, 1889-91.

After closing the last pastorate he moved his family to this city and entered the evangelistic field. During the four years he has been engaged in this work among churches, conferences and camp meetings he has traveled 80,000 miles and held 135 series of meetings from Maine to California. In the winter of '91 he conducted a 10 days' revival service here, in which all the Protestant churches of the city and the student body of Ohio Wesleyan university joined. Perhaps Delaware has never known such a marvelous meeting. During parts of two week-days in the time all business houses closed, and men in every walk of life were moved religiously. Between 500 and 600 converts were the fruits of Dr. Keen's labors here that year. Just so doing four long years constantly he has labored in scores of cities and towns throughout the land.

During the past four busy years he has found time to write "Faith Papers," "Praise Papers" and "Pentacostal Papers," which are now in many christian homes. On the first day of this month the manuscript for "Salvation Papers" was given to the publisher.

On October, 6, 1866, he was married to Mary J. Palmer, of Ripley, O., who with her two sons and two daughters survive him. The eldest son, Edward L., is now the assistant managing editor of the Cincinnati Post. The younger, Samuel Ashton, Jr., who was a member of last year's class in the Ohio Wesleyan, is now the professor of science in Rust university, Holly Spring, Miss.. The daughters, Phila P. and Mary Brown, are still in college, the former being a member of the present senior class of the university

Thursday, Nov. 14, is the last day of our special wrap sale. Some choice bargains have been added to the reduction to sweeten and increase the sales for the last day.

UHLER, PHILLIPS & CO.

Married at Cleveland.

Miss Kate Throckmorton, a daughter of Dr. C. E Throckmorton, was married in Cleveland Tuesday night to Dr. J. C. Hattock.

The wedding occurred at their own home, 683 Cedar avenue. Only the most intimate friends of the bridal couple were present to witness the happy affair. The many friends of the bride in this city will hasten to offer congratulations.

Notice to Republicans.

Republicans, don't forget the meeting of the Bushnell club next Friday evening, Nov. 15, at 7:30 o'clock.

***The World's Fair Tests* showed no baking powder so pure or so great in leavening power as the Royal.**

SWALLOWED GASOLINE

A Child of W. G. Lucas Accidentally Gets Hold of the Fluid.

Marie, the 16-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lucas, on north Prospect street, was the victim of an accident this morning that nearly caused her death.

Mr. Lucas was cleaning some clothing with gasoline, and allowed a portion of the fluid to set on a table near by. Little Marie in her childish innocence reached for the gasoline and took a swallow of it. She at once became unconscious and Dr. J. A McMurray was summoned. The doctor found her in a dazed condition but she had not taken enough of the fluid to cause any serious results. He gave her an antidote and with the exception of making her very sick for the time it is not thought that anything serious will result from the dose.

Fortunately most of the fumes of the gasoline were exhaled and in this way more serious trouble was averted.

THE 'SQUIRE FIRED

AND DEXTER GOT RIGHT UP AND DUSTED

Justice Quaintance, of Monnette, Was Able To Give Two Highwaymen the Slip by the Speed of an Old Family Horse. A Narrow Escape.

Nearly everybody in Marion is acquainted with 'Squire Quaintance, the justice of peace at Monnette. 'Squire Quaintance is in Marion nearly every week of his life and sometimes two and three times a week. Last Saturday he came to Marion and secured three hundred dollars and late in the evening started home with the money.

The 'Squire was proceeding along the road thinking how he would invest the three hundred, and just after he had passed the stone quarries was surprised to see a man step out from a fence corner and command him to stop. He was driving the Quaintance family horse known as Dexter, and he pulled up on the lines, but just then he noticed another fellow coming from the other side of the road. The 'Squire reached down in his pocket and drew forth a revolver, and pointing it at one of the fellows pulled the trigger.

The explosion of the revolver frightened Dexter and he ran away. The 'Squire in his excitement never thought to stop the horse and when Dexter slowed up they were a mile past the highwaymen.

The 'Squire came in Tuesday to try and learn if he had struck the man he shot at, but as he could not hear of anyone that had been wounded he went home satisfied that his aim was bad

Underwear is our specialty. We sell cheap. 305t5 Martin & Wiley.

A GREAT SUCCESS

Was the Entertainment Given by the Schilling Concert Company.

The Schilling Concert company met with great success at the Y. M. C. A auditorium hall Tuesday evening. By the enthusiasm shown, and the encores demanded, it was quite evident that the large audience present were highly delighted with the music rendered.

The quartet, consisting of four young ladies, well trained to render music of a charming character, succeeded admirably notwithstanding the first soprano was severely afflicted with congestion of the throat, having taken a sudden cold. This however did not affect the grand ensemble result

The baritone, Mr Geo. W. Gray, has a voice of stimulating character and his solo, "The Ship I Love," called forth a rousing encore which was responded to with "The Volantair Organist." Both songs were given in bravura style and Mr Gray may be congratulated upon the fact that he distinguished himself most satisfactorily.

Miss Addie, second soprano, also did herself great credit by the rendition of "Happy Days," with violin obligatto, and a beautiful piano accompaniment. The accompanist, Mrs. C. A Allen, showed decided merit by the artistic style in which she performed her part

The violinist, Mr Frank M. Barrett, plays finely, and his solos were extremely delightful, scoring a pronounced success as a violinist of high rank

The Woman's Relief Corps may be well pleased with the result of raising money, however small, for the needy poor of our town. It was quite an undertaking to engage a concert company, with the expectation of making money, and it is doubtful if the object had been other than for the purpose this concert was announced, the result would have been a disastrous one, as there is at present altogether too many in this line of money making business.

More About the Rosenfelds.

A brother-in-law of the Rosenfeld Bros. was in the city Tuesday and may take the room formerly occupied by them and resume the business. He is trying to buy the furniture and satisfy the claim at the bank.

In regard to the Rosenfelds he said that he knew nothing whatever of them He believed that they went West, but was not certain The brother-in-law is in business at Crestline and thinks of locating here if he can arrange matters satisfactorily.

Atlanta, Ga., and Return

On the dates named below only, special low rates on Big Four Route to Atlanta, Ga., on account of Cotton States Exposition, viz: Oct 26th, Nov 5th, 15th, 25th; Dec. 5th and 16th. Good returning ten days. 288tf

A. C. BOWEN, Agent

Good property for rent Inquire at the Palace Grocery. 289eod-tf

Uric Acid is Poison.

The Kidneys are supposed to filter the uric acid out of the blood. When they are sick they forget it.

Uric acid is the cause of Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney troubles and other dangerous diseases. The only way to cure these diseases is to cure the Kidneys.

Dr Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills

cure the Kidneys and help them to filter the uric acid out of the blood.

All druggists, or mailed prepaid for 50c. per box.
Write for pamphlet.
HOBB'S MEDICINE CO.
Chicago. San Francisco.

A SMOOTH TONGUED FELLOW

Gets Bucyrus Presbyterian Church People In a Peck of Trouble.

A special from Bucyrus to a Columbus paper says:

The Presbyterian church of Bucyrus is in a "peck of trouble" and it's all on account of a theatrical entertainment which they were led into producing Several weeks ago a smooth-tongued individual showed up in Bucyrus and used his persuasive powers to good effect in getting the ladies of the church to take hold of an entertainment called "A Merchant's Carnival." The ladies "took hold" but would now like to let go. The merchants of the city were solicited to have their business represented at a cost of three dollars. A hundred business men went in because the ladies who asked them were the society ladies of the city. The bills for the show read, "To be given under the auspices of the ladies of the Presbyterian church," but after the ladies had done all the soliciting and other work a new individual showed up in Bucyrus to assist in putting the show on. The new arrival was named Hollypetter, and the fun began. He soon gave the ladies to understand that he was running the affair and that no suggestions from them would be received or tolerated. The leading ladies of Bucyrus were harshly treated and in some instances insulted. The young ladies who had consented to take part to assist them were berated and abused to such an extent that only their regard for the ladies at the head of the affair and their reluctance to leave them in the hole kept them from quitting in a body.

Many found the insults and abuse of the manager unbearable and dropped out, and it became an open question as to whether the show would be given or not The late bills put up advertise in large letters a spectacular show with "living pictures" to be given "under the auspices of the Presbyterian church." This was not in accordance with the arrangement and agreement and the ladies would like nothing better than to drop the whole thing, but they can't let go. They have contracted for the opera house at an expense of $75 and have hired an orchestra at a great expense and these bills would have to be paid whether the show goes through or not, and it is only because they want to protect themselves from loss that the whole thing isn't abandoned and the gay manager ridden out of town on a rail.

Underwear is our specialty. We sell cheap. 305t3 MARTIN & WILEY.

OBITUARY.

JONES—In Agosta, O., Nov. 8, 1895, Mrs Martha C Jones, aged 52 years, 7 months and 3 days.

Her maiden name was Carter. She was born near Mt Jackson, in Shenandoah county, Virginia, coming to Ohio when a child. She was united in happy marriage to Emery P Bridges, January 30, 1862 To them were born four sons and four daughters. Two of each have preceded their mother to the grave After sixteen years of married life the husband passed to the great beyond. She was again married, Timothy P. Jones being the happy groom, who now in sadness mourns the loss of a loved and loving companion. In 1864 she united with the Christian church in Union county, Ohio, and retained her membership until death, a good, true, christian woman. At the request of the deceased Rev. Sutton, assisted by Rev Brumbaugh, attended her funeral Sunday afternoon in the Agosta M. E church The bereaved desire to return their sincere thanks to all those who in any way assisted and comforted them.

⁂

At the Powell Home.

The Sunday school class of Professor Powell was entertained at his home on south State street, Tuesday evening Every year Mr Powell's M E Sunday school class is entertained at his home The affair of Tuesday evening was a very pleasant one.

There were music and games to entertain and then came a box supper The refreshments were placed in boxes and the gentlemen and ladies selected partners in that way There were about one hundred present in all, and a most enjoyable occasion it proved to be.

German Croup Remedy

One dose cures croup.

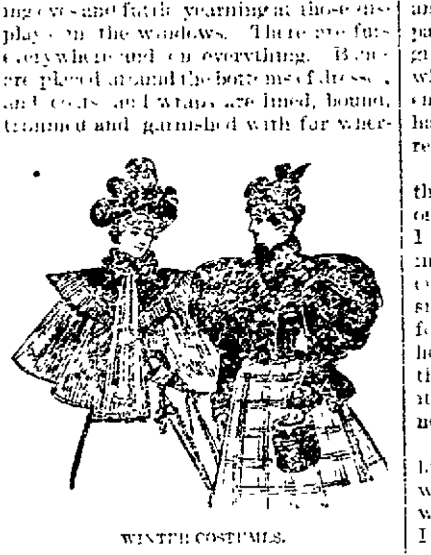
ALL WRAPPED IN FUR

IT IS SEEN EVERYWHERE AND IS OF ALL KINDS.

Even Bonnets Are Made of It—It Is Also Used in Trimming and Lining—Beautiful Winter Wraps Making Over Fur. Eton Jackets.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—I verily believe that every woman's ideas [illegible] with fur and smothered in [illegible] sort of a covering made of the [illegible] of some unfortunate animal, for those who haven't got furs [illegible] to buy them or are looking with longing eyes and faith yearning at those displays in the windows. There are furs everywhere and on everything. [illegible] are placed around the bottoms of dresses, and coats and wraps are lined, bound, trimmed and garnished with fur wherever it can be fastened on. Bonnets are made of it, though in our climate it is rather too warm. Of course muffs are made of fur. All sorts of coats, jackets and wraps have as many different styles of collars, revers and lapels, and it is easier now to mention the garments without fur trimming than those with it.



WINTER COSTUMES.

In fur everything goes, from the royal ermine and sable to the poor little Persian lambkin that never saw the light, and the plebeian muskrat. Coons are quite aristocratic, and skunks afford one of the most fashionable as well as prettiest furs we have.

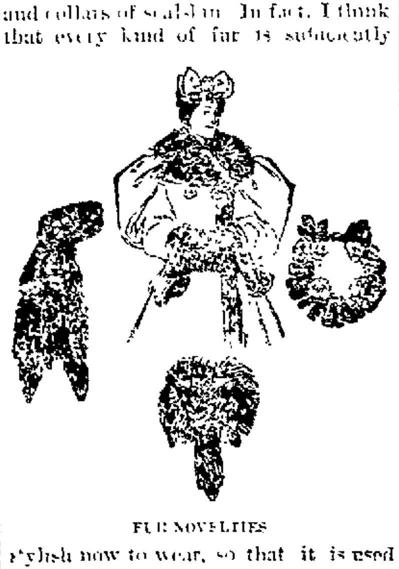
Quite a novelty consists in the arrangement of the bordering of sleeves. There was a coat of light whipcord. The collar lay flat, and there were very wide revers, ending in a band of fur at the left side reaching to the bottom of the garment. The sleeves were bishop shape, with a flaring fall below the wrists. There was a band of fur around this two inches wide on the upper portion of the arm and widening out to four inches at the lower part. A muff of the same fur marten was worn.

There was a collar, or perhaps I should call it a boa. This was of pine marten. The portion that went around the neck was about six inches wide, until it crossed in front, where it narrowed down to three, and then it widened again to where two heads were set. On each end directly below each head hang three bushy tails. The effect was extremely pleasing.

Sealskin, on account of its costliness and scarcity, is naturally the one fur most desired. I was told by one fur dealer that he had made over more old sealskin garments this year than he ever did before, and he added that some of them were so old they were not worth [illegible]

[illegible] Coons are plentiful and beavers almost exterminated, so why should they not take the place of the more expensive fur? [illegible] not a pretty fur. The hairs are [illegible] together, and the [illegible] is not so very pretty, but just now it is fashionable.

Eton jackets in Persian lamb are very much in favor for young ladies who walk much. They often have lapels and collars of sealskin. In fact, I think that every kind of fur is sufficiently



FUR NOVELTIES.

stylish now to wear, so that it is used when employed as trimming with discretion and taste. It is easy to overload a garment with fur trimming, and the least little edge gives a dress or coat a warm and wintry appearance. Ladies can make over their furs, if at all clever, by remembering two rules. The fur must be cut with a knife on the back and never with scissors. The seams are to be loosely overhanded and then laid, fur down, on a table, and the seams wet and pressed flat by rubbing a shell or some other hard but smooth surface over it until the seam is perfectly flat. It will not show that there has been a seam on the outside. The lining can be sewed in easily by noting how it was done before and "following copy."

OLIVE HARPER.

THE UNTAMED WHEEL.

Junius Henri Browne Finds It a Malignant Thing Before It Is Mastered.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—When any one of us not a bicyclist—if there be so anomalous a creature in this period of universal wheeling—sees hundreds of mounted persons spinning past him daily, it must appear to him that cycling is spontaneous. It does not occur to him that many of the riders have become proficient only after weeks of effort and any number of discouragements. It had always seemed as if it would be very hard for one to learn, and that it proved so I recited in an article published last summer. But my experience in trying to overcome the wheel among the White mountains during the past season I have not detailed. It is so grotesque, so ridiculous, that many to whom cycling came naturally may be entertained and others to whom it comes hard may be induced to persevere by reading of it.

In the neighborhood where I was there are scarcely two square feet of soil on the same level. When I went there, I had taken some lessons in an academy in town, enabling me to make the circuit of the hall several times in succession. The place was most unpromising for a novice and I had taken an old heavy decrepit wheel there conscious that I should have rough work and that it might serve me, an inapt neophyte, nearly as well as a better machine.

Mounting with assistance the crazy bicycle I could not move the pedals a whit. The uneven surface held the wheel fast. I could scarcely believe that I had propelled it, a few weeks previous, on a smooth floor which, I perceived, was altogether different. Then I was pushed along and held up, as at the very beginning. Almost as soon as the hold was released over I went, and the machine on top of me. The attempt was made repeatedly, with the same result. To have seen my awkwardness, my inadaptibility, one would have sworn that I had never laid eyes, much less put body, on a wheel. I began to doubt that I had ever taken a lesson. My actually going round alone in a hall must have been a dream. I tried and tried and tried in the country. I tumbled and tumbled and tumbled. I could only go, like a dumb watch, when I was carried. But I determined to persevere so long as the bicycle and myself should hold together—longer, indeed. If the bicycle should break, I would get it mended. If my bones should be fractured, I would have them set and continue my clumsy practice. Nothing save the dislocation of my neck should interfere with my obstinate purpose.

After some days of uninterrupted failure I resolved to depend wholly on myself. I was inexpressibly chagrined and mortified at my slow progress. I called myself an ass, a dolt, a double distilled idiot. I firmly believed myself to be the one American out of the 65,000,000 or more of the republic's population that could not learn to ride. Liberal allowance should have been made, I suppose, for the hilly, rough, sandy, unequal soil and the fact that I was a simple tyro wholly apart from the circumstance that cycling was plainly not my vocation. I grew morbid, disordered, monomaniacal. I saw the world through the spokes of the wheel. I regarded the springs of human action as closely connected with the handle bars.

If I had ever been vain, hopeful, egotistic, confident, I was no longer so. I was reduced, I fancied, to the lowest terms of abject self depreciation. I thought, breathed, dreamed, talked bicycle. The bicycle pursued, worried, tortured me. I lost my appetite, my capacity for sleep, never particularly good. I ran down in flesh below what I had weighed for 20 years. Still my physical health, which has never been affected, was excellent, whatever might be said of my mental health. My wrath at myself declined by degrees. I began to be satirical, sarcastic, at my own expense. I perpetrated a hundred mordant jokes an hour on my blundering, nonbicycling self. But, as the person satirized did not seem to mind it, I speedily gave it up.

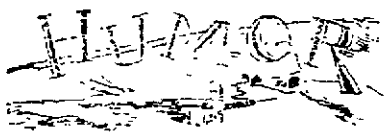
The old machine played various tricks on me. It was very malicious too. It took advantage of my lack of skill and experience. The chain would slip off, the tire would slip off, likewise; the handles would get twisted, the pedals would get bent by sharp collisions with the earth. I was thrown in every variety of manner—forward, backward, sidewise. One time the handle bars would strike me, at another, the pedals, at another, the forward wheel. I would fall sometimes, every minute or two. I was bruised (not really hurt) from hip to heel. My legs and thighs were covered with yellow, blue, purple and black spots, as I found on preparing for the morning bath. I looked as if I had been tattooed by a highly accomplished Polynesian artist.

I have discovered that the bicycle, like a wild beast or brutal human being, is a malignant thing until it has been properly tamed. While it worried me, tortured me, struck me, bruised me, appeared to scoff at my annoyance and discomfiture, it was simply untamed. When I can mount it, guide it, control it, it is the same machine, but subdued, domesticated, made subservient to man's will and pleasure. The general public knows the wheel in its tamed aspect. The beginner knows it in its savagery. You must master it or it will master you. Like many other things, material and sentient, it is as you choose to make it, either good angel or bad devil.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Dreams and the Future.

We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind, for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated, so that, while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought.—Dr. Forbes Winslow.



A SUDDEN CHANGE.

She Was Delighted With Everything but the Dinner For the Ushers.

He—It doesn't seem possible, dearest, that just one week from tonight you will be my own sweet little wife.

She (dreamily)—Doesn't it? But (sweetly) if you are always as good to me as you have been during our engagement, I shall have no cause to complain.

He—I didn't know that I had been so good to you.

She—Indeed you have. Why, just look at the lovely engagement ring you gave me! It's almost twice as large as any of the other girls'!

He [illegible]—True, my darling. I wanted you to have the best.

She—And look at all the other beautiful things you have given me.

He (modestly)—You deserved them, dear.

She—And think of the lovely wedding trip we are going on.

He—I'm glad that you are pleased with it. By the way, I have something else for you—something in diamonds for your wedding present.

She (clapping her hands)—Oh, I just know it is perfectly elegant! Can't I have a peep at it beforehand?

He—Certainly. I want you to. It will be ready tomorrow.

She—And will you let me see it tomorrow night?

He—I am afraid not, dearest. You see, tomorrow night I have arranged to give my ushers a little dinner.

She (coldly)—Do you think it necessary to give your ushers a dinner?

He—Certainly. Why not?

She (reproachfully)—Have you considered, dear, how much it will cost?—Truth.

No Time to Lose.

A noted American singer is fond of telling of a little experience she had in Boston once upon a time. She was to sing at an evening concert, and a carriage was to be sent for her. She was staying at the time with a friend who had a suit of rooms in a large apartment house, in which the tube system of communication with the outer world prevailed. It was past the time when the carriage should have appeared and the lady was growing a little nervous. She was sitting with her wraps on, when the bell rang furiously. Hurrying to the tube herself, the prima donna said, "Well?" The reply came in a voice heavily charged with irritation. "I'm a hackman," said the voice, "an I was sent here to get some cussed lady, an I don't know what in time her last name is! I've rang every bell in this house! Are you her?" When informed that the "cussed lady" herself was speaking to him, he coolly replied, "Well, come on; we'll have to [illegible] it all the way to the hall to get there on time."—Argonaut.

From a Professional Standpoint.

Young Mother (whose baby had been weighed by the butcher)—And how much does the little fellow weigh, Mr. Bullwinkle?

Butcher—Twenty pounds, mum.

Young Mother—Isn't he a splendid specimen?

Butcher (dubiously)—From my point of view, mum, he runs too much to suet.—Tit-Bits.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A Physician Prescribes Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.:
My daughter Mattie, aged [illegible] last spring with St. Vitus dance [illegible] and nearly paralyzed. We consulted [illegible]

sician and he prescribed Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. She took [illegible] we saw any certain signs of [illegible] but after that she [illegible] fast and I now think she [illegible] She has taken three bottles [illegible] another [illegible] Knox, Ind., Feb. 5, '95. H. W. [illegible]

Physicians prescribe Dr. Miles' [illegible] the brightest [illegible] and are carefully compounded by experienced chemists in exact accordance with Dr. Miles' prescriptions as used in his practice.

On sale at all druggists. Write for Dr. Miles' Book on the Heart and Nerves. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.

COAL AND FEED.

Haley Bros., Phone 63,

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ISSUE
FIRE, CYCLONE & ACCIDENT POLICIES.
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Massillon COAL! . .

We have plenty of it in lump and nut. You haven't been getting it for a long while. . . . . .

We Have Every Kind of Coal.

You will find satisfaction in buying of us.

The Implement Mfg. Co.

PHONE 57.

HABERMAN HARDWARE.

Tools and Bicycles, 107 S. Main, Marion, Ohio.

COAL! Telephone No. 6.

BEST HARD AND SOFT COAL at Linsley & Lawrence's.

RESTORED MANHOOD DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, [illegible] Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, [illegible] Insanity. [illegible] With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

Wholesaled and retailed at L. Denison & Co's

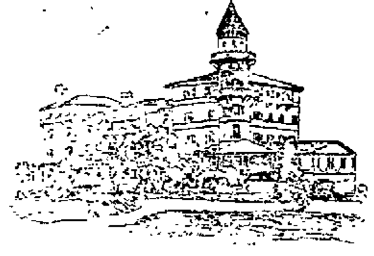
JEKYL ISLAND CLUB.

WHERE THE RICHEST MILLIONAIRES DELIGHT TO PASS THE WINTER.

A Hundred Members Worth an Aggregate of $500,000,000—Dr. Parkhurst an Honorary Member—Off Georgia's Coast, but Only One Southern Member.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst of New York enjoys the truly unique distinction of being the only honorary member of the Jekyl Island club, and as such honorary member he is privileged at will to enter the intimate society of its members. This privilege is one that is most eagerly sought after in vain by many men prominent in politics and affairs [illegible] indeed that we are told [illegible] has been offered over and over [illegible] membership, but without success.

Jekyl island sits like a gem in the [illegible] miles off the southeast coast of Georgia. It is one of the most magnificent game preserves in the world. [illegible] "a sportsman's paradise" is [illegible] with far greater propriety [illegible] most game preserves. It was [illegible] up some years ago by a lot of [illegible] rich men of the United States for [illegible] shooting and fishing and recreation [illegible], and there they may go whenever they wish and enjoy themselves in their own way, entirely secure from the prying eyes of the curious. This is really the chief reason for the



JEKYL ISLAND CLUB HOUSE.

existence of the club, for nearly every member thereof is a millionaire, and in these days it is not easy for a very rich man to keep his comings and goings from the knowledge of the public. At the beginning shares in the club were sold at only $600 each. Lists of names are not always interesting, but in this case the following partial list of members will no doubt be tolerated, for it includes those of some of the best known men in the United States. Read:

From New York—C. N. Bliss, J. Pierpont Morgan, John Claflin, M. K. Jesup, Alexander Baring, W. Bayard Cutting, Ogden Goelet, Robert Goelet, George J. Gould, Eugene Higgins, Joseph Pulitzer, William Rockefeller, W. K. Vanderbilt, F. W. Vanderbilt and Pierre Lorillard; from Cincinnati, W. P. Anderson and B. S. Cunningham; from Buffalo, George Bleistein; from Ohio, Calvin S. Brice; from Boston, Francis Bartlett; from Chicago, Marshall Field, N. K. Fairbank, H. W. King, W. S. McCrea, Murray Nelson and John De Koven; from Philadelphia, Rudolph Ellis; from St. Paul, J. J. Hill; from Brunswick, Ga., John E. du Bignon.

This by no means exhausts the well known names, but to set them all down would be to take up more space than is at the writer's disposal here. Mr. du Bignon, whose name is given last, is the only Jekyl Island club man who lives south of Mason and Dixon's line and he is a member chiefly because he was the island's original owner. H. E. Howland is president. The membership is limited to 100, and the aggregate wealth of the members is understood to be $500,000,000. The island is 11 miles long and contains about 14,000 acres, 35,000 being salt marsh, 25,000 heavy oak and pine timber, 2,500 sea island cotton land, 2,500 "hummock" land, 2,000 dry savanna and 1,000 acres of hard black marsh.

It was Mr. du Bignon who originated the idea of converting Jekyl island into the grounds of an exclusive club, and its notion began to take form in 1885. He sold the island to the club, organized soon after that, for $125,000. Three years later the money expended for the clubhouse and other improvements had brought up the total expenditures to $[illegible], and since then other large sums have been expended in roads and [illegible] and other schemes of improvement, so that now perhaps a round half million has been invested by the club and its members, and perhaps much more on Jekyl island.

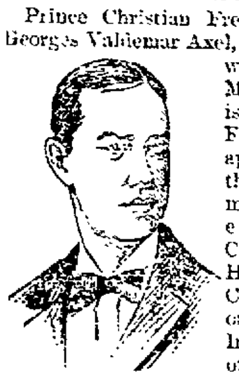
The clubhouse is built of brick and [illegible], is four stories high, has a frontage of 125 feet and extends back 118 feet. There are 78 rooms, exclusive of those in the basement and including great parlors, reception rooms, dining rooms, etc., each one furnished with big old fashioned fireplaces, the blaze in which lends ruddy glow and the heat from which makes the house comfortable whenever there is chill in the air. The entire front of the clubhouse is covered by a veranda, and a handsome tower rises from one corner, forming an observatory, from which the interesting points of the island and the nearby mainland can be seen.

The amusements of the Jekyl Island clubmembers are thoroughly diversified, and naturally many of them are costly. There are riding and driving, shooting and fishing, and yachting, both steam yachts and fast "single stickers" and [illegible] being owned by some of the members. A beautiful casino, which will contain a really "spacious" ballroom, is about to be built at a cost of $[illegible], and many "cottages" so called, but in fact, little less than winter palaces, have been put up, and more are in contemplation. Joseph Pulitzer's proposed residence will probably be the finest of these.

Jekyl Island has a history. It was settled in 1738 by Governor Oglethorpe, and [illegible] it was erected the first brewery in America. One of the earliest orange [illegible] on this continent was also planted [illegible]. It flourished for nearly a century [illegible] killed by the severe winter of [illegible].

TO WED A SAILOR PRINCE.

Princess Maud of Wales and Her Fiance, Prince Charles of Denmark.



PRINCE CHARLES.

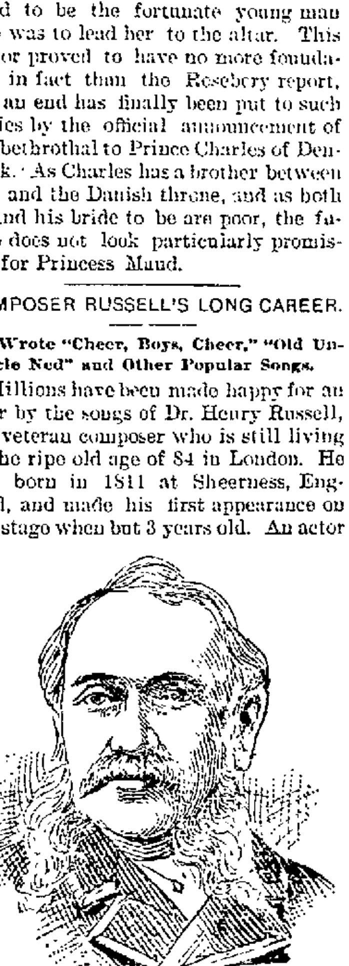
Prince Christian Frederick Charles Georges Valdemar Axel, who is soon to wed Princess Maud of Wales, is a son of Prince Frederick, heir apparent to the throne of Denmark, and is called Prince Charles for short. He was born at Charlottenlund on Aug. 3, 1872. In the majority of royal houses in Europe the elder son is designed for the army and the younger son contents himself with a life on the ocean wave. In the case of the sons of Prince Frederick of Denmark this rule was followed. Prince Christian, the elder son, is a soldier, and Prince Charles is a sailor. He is a lieutenant in the navy of Denmark, and thus far has done nothing to demonstrate that he is brighter than any other young Dane of good birth of his age.

Princess Maud of Wales is the youngest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and has the reputation of being a very bright and popular young woman. She was born Nov. 26, 1869, and is about three years older than the prince of Denmark, who is to become her husband. During the past few years Princess Maud has been reported engaged to about every eligible prince and wifeless statesman in Europe. For a time it was declared again and again that she was to marry Lord Rosebery. Then the Prince of Naples, the heir apparent to the throne of Italy, was alleged to be the fortunate young man who was to lead her to the altar. This rumor proved to have no more foundation in fact than the Rosebery report, and an end has finally been put to such stories by the official announcement of her bethrothal to Prince Charles of Denmark. As Charles has a brother between him and the Danish throne, and as both he and his bride to be are poor, the future does not look particularly promising for Princess Maud.

COMPOSER RUSSELL'S LONG CAREER.

He Wrote "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "Old Uncle Ned" and Other Popular Songs.

Millions have been made happy for an hour by the songs of Dr. Henry Russell, the veteran composer who is still living at the ripe old age of 84 in London. He was born in 1811 at Sheerness, England, and made his first appearance on the stage when but 3 years old. An actor named Beverly borrowed him for one night to officiate as the infant in the play "Pizarro." When he was 6 years old, his father took him to London, where he studied music and finally became a member of the Eliston Children's Opera company, the first of the kind ever organized. King George IV of England heard of the talented young singers and commanded them to play before him at the Pavilion, then a royal palace. After the performance he kissed each of the children, took young Russell on his knee and predicted a bright future for him. "There are few living men can boast of having sat on the knee of the last of the Georges, eh?" jocularly remarked the veteran composer to a reporter recently.



DR. HENRY RUSSELL.

When a young man, he came to America and spent many years in the States. He wrote numerous songs that achieved universal popularity, but did not enrich him. He sold "Woodman, Spare That Tree," for $2, and his immortal "Cheer Boys, Cheer," brought him $5. After the latter song made a hit the publishers, who were running 16 printing presses night and day in order to supply the demand for the popular air, sent him a check for $50, "and," he says, "doubtless thought themselves very liberal."

While in America he wrote a great many negro melodies, "Coal Black Rose," "Buffalo Girls, Come Out Tonight," "Lucy Long," "Old Uncle Ned," "Get Out of the Way, Old Dan Tucker," and others, and established a worldwide reputation for this sort of musical composition. He also made a great hit in America and England as a singer, and one of his entertainments, "The Far West," undoubtedly stimulated emigration to the United States and Canada. His "Life on the Ocean Wave" is the official march of the royal marines by order of the British admiralty.

Dr. Russell is the father of W. Clark Russell, who has won such fame as a writer of sea tales.

Alligators' Teeth In Trade.

In 1890 about 250 pounds of alligator teeth were sold, hunters receiving from $1 to $2 a pound for them. They are removed by burying the heads and rotting out the teeth. Of the best teeth about 70 make a pound.

Go Far For Building Material.

It is an interesting fact that, while the new Rhode Island state capitol is to be built of Georgia marble, the Georgia statehouse is built of Indiana marble.

ONE DAY AT THE FAIR

AROUND THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION WITH A GOSSIPY GUIDE.

He Wanders Through the Buildings and About the Grounds Discoursing Entertainingly on the Things to Be Seen and Making Charitable Comparisons.

Let us take a day in the Atlanta exposition and make the entire round, since nature invites with such alluring smiles. The cool morning air is so crisp and bracing that the toned up nerves fairly sing like a harp when tuned, and the revivified blood bounds through the body and tingles in the finger ends. The last leaves are curled on the trees, and since the white frost came nightly most of them now litter the streets, but there is still a balm in the air from the autumn woods, and by 9 a. m. it is just warm enough, so soft, so sweet are these dry November days in Piedmont Georgia. So let us to the "car shed," as Atlantians sneeringly call their Union depot, and take the Southern Railway company's exposition train.

But why the Southern, when a trolley car can be caught in any part of the city?

Well, there is no wait here, and in seven minutes it will take us to the center of the east side and best point for the first general view. But if you want to take time and enjoy the ride, go by the trolley lines through the long and lovely avenues, for there is no place in the country, unless it is on Euclid avenue, Cleveland, where one can get more enjoyment out of a common car ride than in the suburbs of Atlanta. From the railroad cars we pass through the gates to the pretty little building in which the Southern railway system has an exhibit of all the ores, woods and farm products on its many lines. It is the central or highland south epitomized. Pass around this building and you come at once to the point from which can be had the best general view of the grounds. Before us is an oval basin, about half of which is taken up by the double lake they call Clara Mere and the rest by the Plaza, with walks, seats and fountains. Around this basin except to the northeast the land rises in terrace and knoll, and on the commanding points are the principal buildings, the Art hall, with fluted columns glowing in the far northwest, like a Greek temple. Take particular notice of that island in the lake and the electrical tower near by, for there you will see tonight the latest triumphs of science over the mysterious force, and some pyrotechnics beyond your most dazzling dreams.

But are there not much finer fireworks elsewhere than this little city can get up?

Not in this world. Some other world perhaps.

The first big structure to our right is the Transportation building. Sporting and athletic goods are also shown here, by association, I suppose, with bicycles, of which the number, variety and beauty are enough to make the oldest man an enthusiast. Farther along are vehicles made of aluminium, the "new metal," as some folks call it. They are marvelously pretty, a little too bright and shiny for my old eyes, but so light that the smallest horse could draw a family in one and scarcely know it. They are admittedly only a promise as yet, for aluminium isn't quite cheap enough for that, though it has cheapened much faster than any other metal.

Don't fail to thoroughly examine this varied map or model of the Nicaragua canal, 35 feet long and nearly as broad, with all the mountains and hills, the lake and river shown at their relative size and height and the oceans on both sides. It is beautiful and instructive, and just now has unusual interest. We go next to the Electricity building, which isn't much to boast of in the daytime, but is brilliant at night, like some other beauties we know. As we step out at the north end of it we meet with a surprise—an abrupt descent, at the bottom a creek, with rocky banks, and beyond that a woodland and a cotton field, all in a state of nature.

We will go along the north side to the Woman's building and put in an hour or two in looking at the colonial and other relics. Every one of these bits of silk and jewelry has its history and the old letters and documents are extremely curious.

Now, as **Mark Twain's** friend said, "I can't see no pints about this bit of silk no more'n another."

Well, I am not stuck on relics myself, unless they consist of things actually made by the noted person, or fragments which actually give some ideal of the noted place. But fetichism was man's first religion, and most people retain enough of it to value any little thing from a famous place—a bottle of water from the Jordan or some of that rock salt from the mountain near which Sodom and Gomorrah once stood. For my part I can't see why a chip from the salt pillars of Usdom is of any more value than one from the rock salt of that Louisiana island, and as for Lot's wife, why, they have carved a splendid statue of her, and you can see it in the Louisiana section of mines and forestry—16 feet high, of clean, white salt, strong and merchantable. But, upon my word, it's 1 o'clock before we've seen anything. So let us adjourn to the creole kitchen annex to the Woman's building.

This little rest will give us courage for the long climb to the highest hill and the Manufactures and Liberal Arts building. It not only has the most commanding position, but is the largest of the exposition group, and what a wonder it would seem to us if we could only banish the memory of that 30 acre marvel at Chicago. Visitors here who did not see that, and especially the rural southerners, think this one of the grandest structure, ever put up in America. It is 260 by 351 feet, with a floor area of 103,000 square feet and an inside clear height of 850 feet.

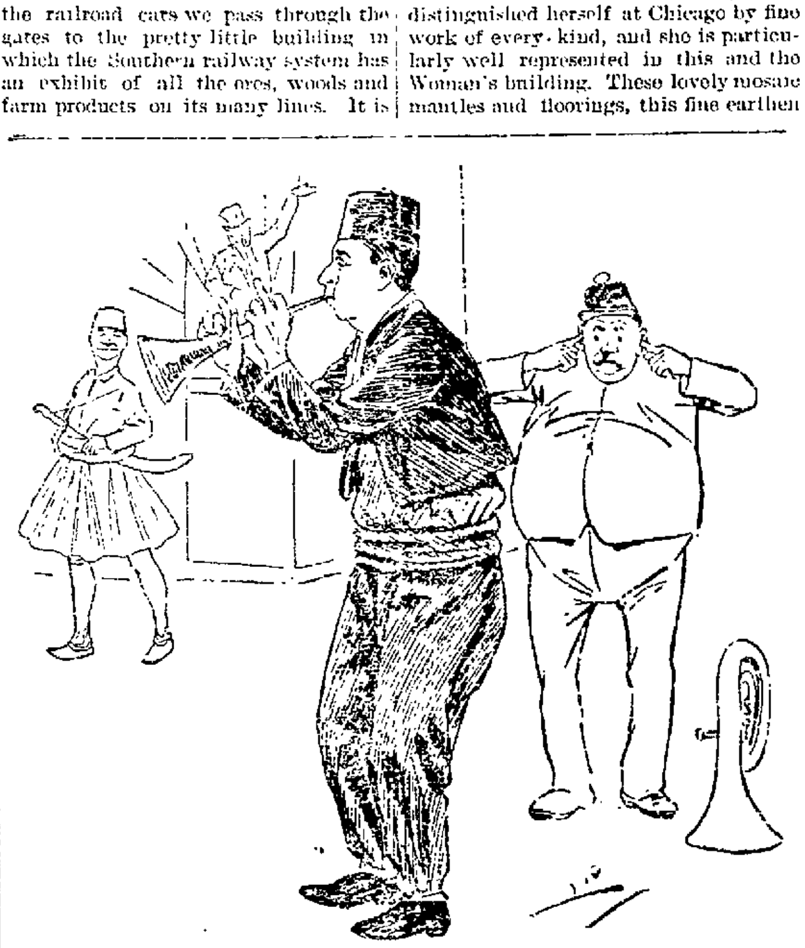
Rather the prettiest things in here are ceramics and mosaics, glass and glassware, and all ivory and marble products, especially those of Italy. In fact, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the Italian section is the exhibit in these lines, as France and Austria did not come in this time. Cincinnati greatly distinguished herself at Chicago by fine work of every kind, and she is particularly well represented in this and the Woman's building. These lovely mosaic mantles and floorings, this fine earthen and china ware, and this artistic painted glass are chiefly from Cincinnati, though of course other places are well represented. I observe that the southern states here as in all the other buildings are represented almost entirely by what is useful, and, except from the Tate Marble works, I cannot find an article valuable only for beauty that is distinctively southern. Perhaps the south is too new a country industrially for the fine arts to have developed. The great exception is embroidery. Many fine collections of that are southern, and the colored ladies especially are worthy of high praise. How we do miss the Japanese from this building, with their wonderful vases and damaskeening, and the Siamese, with their ivory carving, and that fine work from Vienna, and those marvelous dresses shown by the French. Still there is enough here, and the useful, the solidly practical, are most needed at the start.

It is amusing to observe how short a time the rural visitors stay in the Art hall, and how modestly each one attributes his lack of interest to the fact that he "couldn't understand nothin about it." After a stroll among Alabama's minerals we are weary enough to stop at the next building, that of Illinois, and reclining in the easy chairs on her broad porch enjoy the beauty of the scene in the mellow light of the setting sun. Bang! Don't jump. It is only the sunset gun in the United States regulars' camp over there. And after it comes the beautiful trumpet call, "retreat." And now listen to the chimes, the lovely chimes on the great bells in the administration tower, which add so much to every evening's enjoyment.

There is still an hour and a half before the fireworks. Shall we take in the Midway?

It is more likely to take us in. There are a few good shows, however. The Turk, from Tipperary—but his clothes are all right—is tooting, and the big German is shouting, and all the Arabs, Chinese and negroes are making racket, for this is their best hour, and I have noticed in all countries that the dark races seem to wake up and take on extra animation at twilight. It is then you can hear the negroes singing on the farms, perhaps because the time has come to quit work. It is half past 7 and time for the great fireworks, representing the storming and capture of Wei-Hai-Wei. After that come the wonderful electrical fountains. But it would be rash indeed to attempt a description of these. In truth they rise above a mere human language. J. B. PARKE.

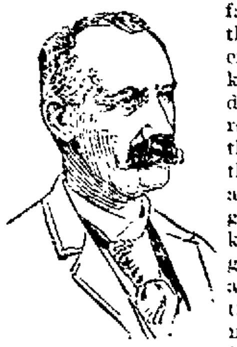
Atlanta.



THE TIPPERARY TURK IS TOOTING.

THIRTY YEARS AT A THROTTLE.

Interesting Career of Bill Tunkey, the Record Breaking Engineer.



BILL TUNKEY.

It has been said by those who profess to know that old engineers cannot run fast trains; that their long experience and their knowledge of the dangers that surround them ruin their nerve, and that young men are the only engineers who can keep the big engines thundering along on schedule time. This statement may be true in the general run of cases, but Engineer Bill Tunkey, who recently made the record breaking run on the Lake Shore from Erie to Buffalo, has been at the throttle for over 30 years, and is a gray haired veteran of the rail. The Lake Shore train ran from Chicago to Buffalo at the average rate of 65.07 miles an hour, excluding time for stops, and made the fastest run for the distance ever known in the history of railroading. At Buffalo the train connected with the world famous Empire State express of the New York Central, and for the first time on record Chicago newspapers reached New York the same day they were printed.

Every precaution was taken to avoid accidents and to make the record breaking run of the special train a perfect success. Superintendent Tracey W. Niles, who has charge of the Lake Shore division between Chicago and Buffalo, had 500 section men on guard along the line of the road, and the wonderful trip was made without accident. The entire distance covered was 510.1 miles, divided into five sections, and the train was drawn by five different engines, manned by five engineers—Mark Floyd, David Luce, James Lathrop, Jacob Carner and William Tunkey. Tunkey's run from Erie to Buffalo was 86 miles, which he negotiated at the average speed of nearly 71 miles per hour, the best time made by any of the five men at the throttle. The train consisted of an engine and three cars, and weighed 488,500 pounds.

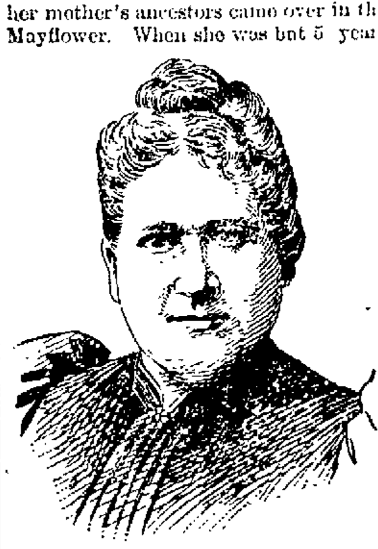
"I had no schedule," said Tunkey to a reporter, "but I knew what time I must make to beat the record, and I did it. We were moving at the rate of 80 miles an hour inside of the first 30 rods. Near Algona I had only ten inches of water, and felt a little scared, but I was all ready to dump the fire in the ashbox and run in on the steam I had stored, When we rolled into Buffalo, I was clean out, and couldn't have crawled another mile at ten miles an hour." During the World's fair Tunkey handled the famous exposition flier.

OCTAVE THANET'S NEW MISSION.

To the Rescue of Miss Flagler, Who Killed a Negro Boy.

Octave Thanet's mission heretofore has been to write very readable short stories and novels of western life, but at present she has a new mission. She has left her home in Davenport, Ia., and has gone to Washington to console and comfort her friend, Miss Flagler, who accidentally shot and killed a young negro boy not long ago and has been indicted by the grand jury for the offense. Miss Flagler fired a pistol to frighten away a gang of roughs who were despoiling her garden, and the bullet struck the young negro who was outside the fence watching the roughs and in no way taking part in the disturbance. The coroner's jury acquitted Miss Flagler, but the grand jury took a different view of her deadly act.

Octave Thanet's real name is Miss Alice French. She was born in Andover, Mass., in 1856, and admits that her mother's ancestors came over in the Mayflower. When she was but 5 years old, her father removed to Davenport, Ia., which has since been her home, but she was educated at the same seminary in Andover that her grandmother attended many years before the birth of the novelist. She is a large, wholesome looking woman, with a fair complexion, brown hair and bright, intelligent blue eyes, which sparkle with good nature and humor.



OCTAVE THANET.

She was strongly drawn to literary pursuits as a girl, and her first notable published story appeared in The Atlantic Monthly in January, 1884. The tale was entitled "The Bishop's Vagabond," and was such a strong effort that people began to wonder who Octave Thanet was and to predict that a new literary light had appeared. In March the same year The Century Magazine published another story, "Mrs. Finlay's Elizabethan Chair." Since then a great many stories and novels have come from the pen of the gifted Iowa writer, and she is now regarded as one of the strongest short story writers in America. She has a passion for old furniture and rare china, and has also made quite a valuable collection of pictures by modern French and Italian masters.

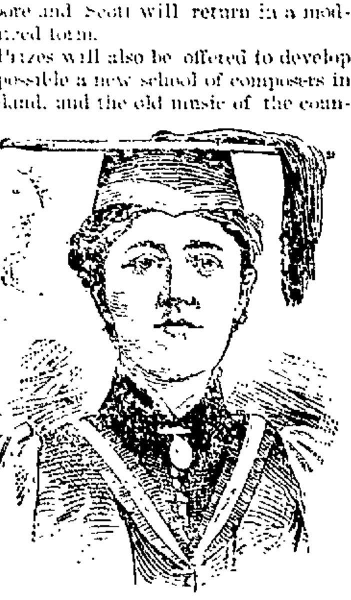
Mr. Giffin, the statistician, says that in Great Britain the average wages per annum for men is $195 and for women $125.

A FAIR DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

Annie Patterson, Secretary of the Great Irish Feis In Dublin.

"The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed" will no longer hang mute "on Tara's walls as if that soul were fled." The Feis Beltaine, the old Celtic festival, is to be revived in Dublin this month, and like the Welsh Eisteddfod, which it somewhat resembles, will be an annual musical fixture in Ireland hereafter. The Feis of ancient times was held each May day, and the national songs, dances and games of Ireland were features of the programme. All these will be revived in their pristine glory, Irish bards will discourse sweet music on the harp and bagpipe, Gaelic words will be sung to old Gaelic melodies, and the age of minstrelsy immortalized by the pens of Moore and Scott will return in a modernized form.

Prizes will also be offered to develop if possible a new school of composers in Ireland, and the old music of the country that has been passed from lip to lip by the peasantry for centuries will be written and published and thus preserved in a tangible form for all time. Many of Tom Moore's world famous "Irish melodies" were ancient Celtic tunes that had been transmitted by ear for generations among the Irish peasantry. These tunes were written and revised, presumably for the first time, by Sir John Stevenson. Moore's ready pen supplied the words.



DR. ANNIE W. PATTERSON.

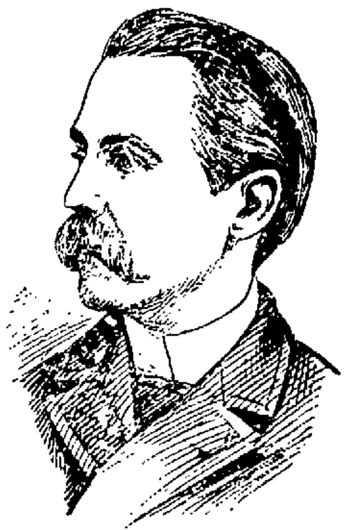
The most prominent musicians in the United Kingdom are interested in the Feis. Dr. Charles Villiers Stanford, professor of music at Cambridge university, an Irishman and a great composer, is at the head of the revival, and the secretary of the Feis is Dr. Annie W. Patterson, who is said to be the only woman in the United Kingdom, the Princess of Wales excepted, who is a doctor of music. She received her degree from the Royal Irish Academy of Music for an original cantata, "Fenola." Miss Patterson is a native of County Armagh, Ireland, and is a young and handsome woman of brilliant attainments. She is conversant with half a dozen languages, is an encyclopedia of music lore, and has composed numerous cantatas of rare merit.

EDUCATOR AND MISSION WORKER.

Merrill Edwards Gates, the New President of the American Missionary Association.

Merrill Edwards Gates, the new president of the American Missionary association, is also president of Amherst college and holds high rank as an educator. He was born in Warsaw, N. Y., April 6, 1848, and was the son of Hon. Seth M. Gates, who was conspicuous in congress before the war as an abolitionist. On his mother's side he is a descendant of the two Jonathan Edwards, father and son, the elder of whom was once president of Princeton and the younger president of Union college.

President Gates was graduated from Rochester university with the highest honors and became principal of Albany academy, a school that was advanced to a most enviable position among the schools of the Empire State. The attendance increased from 70 to over 300 during his regime, and his growing fame as an educator caused him to be called to the presidency of Rutgers college in 1882. He held this office for eight years, during which the number of pupils at the college was doubled and the institution enjoyed wonderful prosperity.



MERRILL EDWARDS GATES.

In 1890 Oberlin and Amherst both sought his services as president, and he accepted the Amherst offer. During the five years that he has been in control of the affairs of the college it has received hundreds of thousands of dollars in endowments and has shown in numerous other ways that a master mind was outlining its policy. In 1881 he was appointed a member of the United States board of Indian commissioners, and he has been prominently identified with civil service reform, ballot reform and other movements to promote better government and better citizenship. In 1880 he received the degree of Ph. D. from the University of the State of New York, that of LL. D. from both Princeton and Rochester in 1882, while from Columbia he received the degree of L. H. D. in 1887 and that of Sc. L. D. in 1891.

In a State of Bankruptcy

—is the condition of our system if the liver becomes inactive so that the germs and poisons can accumulate within the body. Keep the liver and bowels active and we're in a condition of healthy prosperity and have sufficiently well invested capital to draw upon in the hour of need. The liver filters out the poisonous germs which enter the system. Just so surely as the liver regulates the system, so do Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate the liver. Keep this in mind, and you solve the problem of good health and good living. The "Pleasant Pellets" have a tonic, strengthening effect upon the lining membranes of the stomach and bowels, which effectually cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, Costiveness, or Constipation, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Bad Taste in Mouth, Sour Risings from Stomach, and will often cure Dyspepsia. The "Pellets" are tiny, because the vegetable extracts are refined and concentrated. Easy in action, no griping as with old fashioned pills. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets."

MRS. MELISSA ATWATER, of *Steuben, Washington Co., Me.*, writes: "As regards the little 'Pellets,' I think I could not do without them. I do not like to be without them in the house. I have spoken very highly to friends and neighbors of them, and many are taking them through my advertising them. I will say they are the best pill I can take, especially for an after-dinner pill, I think they have no equal."

MRS. ATWATER.

The Crown Prince's Pigeons.

General von Verdy du Vernois tells a pleasant story about the war of 1870. At Villeneuve-le-Roi he was obliged, for want of time, to refuse an invitation to lunch. A brother officer rushed out of the house with a ragout, which Verdy ate with gusto. A few days later the old Emperor William said to him at dinner: "That is a pretty affair of yours. My son has told me all about it."

"What affair does your majesty refer to?" asked Verdy.

It was this: The crown prince had received the news that two carrier pigeons had been caught, and he had ordered them to be sent to Versailles. On returning home in the evening he found the following telegram:

"Lieutenant Colonel Verdy has just eaten them."

They had furnished forth the ragout at Villeneuve-le-Roi.—Realm.

An Ohio Father's Baby.

"My wife received a sample bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. For four months she hardly took her clothes off baby cried so. The sample of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure worked like magic. I went right to the drug store and bought a 25c bottle and a bottle of Dr Hand's Pleasant Physic, and we are truly grateful that such relief has come to baby and to us."—Respectfully, Geo. M. Vaught, Delaware Ohio.

Railroad Manager Hain.

A quiet, well dressed man, with artistically trimmed beard, may be noticed seven days in the week riding up and down town in one or another of the elevated lines. His eyes are keen and small, and occasionally he makes a note of something that occurs to him. He never appears to see anything of what's going on around him, but it is noticed that train guards shout out the names of stations in a louder tone, and the whole crew becomes suddenly imbued with new life, as it were.

The little man who causes such a metamorphosis is Colonel F. K. Hain, manager of the Manhattan Elevated system, and one of the most capable railroad men in the country. He goes over all his lines daily, besides putting in some eight hours of intense labor on the details of the Manhattan's operation.—New York Journal.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. E. Foye, druggist Marion O

Turn Around.

When the wind turns your umbrella inside out, don't attempt to turn it back. Right about face and let the wind undo its mischief. The chances are the umbrella will right itself without injury.

Allen's Discovery for Piles.

Allen's Discovery for Piles will cure blind, bleeding and itching piles when all other treatments have failed. It stops the itching at once, eases the soreness, acts as a poultice and absorbs the tumors. It is a new discovery that cures piles. Prepared only for piles and itching and chafing, and nothing else. Ask today for Allen's Discovery. Sent by mail, 50¢. Address Allen's Discovery, Box 88 LeRoy, N. Y

Those Appropriate Gifts.

To a silver wedding celebration recently a pious old lady sent as a present a pair of flatirons, a rolling pin and a motto worked on a cardboard, reading, "Fight on!"—London Telegraph.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits; 75 cents. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Company, druggists Marion O.

THE DAILY STAR.

By W. G. HARDING.

Founded in 1877. Reestablished 1884.

ISSUED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Prompt complaint of irregular service is requested.

COUNTING ROOM TELEPHONE 51.

Advertising rates on application. The STAR guarantees its advertisers more than double the circulation of any daily paper in Marion or the Thirteenth Congressional District, and the largest weekly circulation in Marion County.

EIGHT PAGES.

WEDNESDAY - - NOVEMBER 13

ADDITIONAL LOCAL ON 2D PAGE

Governor-elect Bradley of Kentucky, will enter upon his duties December 10.

There are actually said to be a few horses on exhibition at the New York horse show.

The general public is not now so much interested in the horseless carriage as it is anxious to know that it is getting horseless beef.

Mexico may yet come to the front and help Cuba out. If she does there will be no discouragement offered by the people of this country.

The Chicago Anarchists had to rant a little in commemoration of the execution of the Haymarket rioters, but they were comparatively tame.

Kansas steps up this year and takes a place among the four leading corn-producing states of the country. The yield this year is greater than that of all others but one.

The arrest of a crank in Chicago prevented him from murdering George M Pullman. This is probably one case where Mr. Pullman would have been willing to arbitrate.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the pioneer in the cause of woman suffrage, celebrated her 80th birthday anniversary Tuesday. Woman suffrage circles properly celebrated the day.

Fayette county is finding that she has a white elephant on her hands in the Coit trial for murder. The rest of the state, however, is getting a valuable lesson at Fayette's expense.

Dr. Mary Walker has purchased 135 acres of land near Oswego, N. Y., where she will establish a home for superannuated woman's rights women. As the farm is to be absolutely "manless" there may be some curiosity to know who's going to do the swearing when the plow strikes a stump.

Masonic Election.

The annual election of officers of Marion Chapter, No. 62, R. A. M., occurred Tuesday evening as follows:

Geo. D. Copeland, M. E. H. P.
Michael Waddell, King.
Milton B. Dickerson, Scribe.
Busby P. Sweney, Capt. of H.
George S. McGuire, Prin. Soj.
John C. Anthony, R. A. Capt.
Benjamin Bieber, G. M. 3d V.
Frank C. Whithoff, G. M. 2d V.
Robert H. Keidenbaugh, G. M. 1st V.
William W. Klinefelter, Charles G. Schneider, Stewards.
George Krause, Guard.
Jacob R. Harshberger, John A. Wolford, Harvey Wilson, trustees.

Installation will occur at the next stated convocation, December 10, 1895

SICK AND CONVALESCENT.

Miss Josephine Johnson is on the sick list.

Addie Osborn will soon be able to be out on the streets.

The daughter of Mrs. Coye is suffering from diphtheria.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

COURT HOUSE ITEMS

FORECLOSURE PROCEEDING AGAINST SUSAN BRANDENBURG ET AL.

An Answer Filed in the Probate Court in the Fields Case—Judge Norris Grants a Divorce in the Case of Kohlberger Against Kohlberger.

In the court of common pleas this afternoon at 2 o'clock, the divorce proceeding of Kohlberger against Kohlberger was heard by Judge Norris. After hearing the testimony of the plaintiff, Mrs Kohlberger, and of James Lutz, as to the habit of drunkenness of the defendant and his failure to provide, the court granted the plaintiff a divorce and issued an order divesting Kohlberger of all interest in and to lot 1 in John Ballentine's addition to Marion and discharged Mr Lutz as the receiver appointed to take charge of the rents and profits of said property during the pendency of the suit. Attorney C. F. Garberson appeared as counsel for Mrs Kohlberger.

The matter of L. L. J. Koch against the Johnson Co. Savings Bank came up this afternoon in the court of common pleas, to reverse a judgment rendered by Wm. Michaels, a justice of the peace of Waldo township, on the grounds that the service in the case was bad, the summons having been left at the usual place of business of the plaintiff instead of at his usual place of residence.

It was held by the court that the service was bad and the judgment was reversed. C. C. Fisher for the plaintiff.

In the injunction case of L. L. J. Koch against the Johnson County Savings Bank and others, the fight was over the question on whom would fall the costs, whether upon the plaintiff or upon the justice of the peace, Michaels. The court took the matter under consideration. C. C. Fisher for the plaintiff and Johnston & Young for the defendants, Michaels and Hoke.

D F Wilson, E. S. Wilson, C H Wilson, George W Carey and H. Edmund Hill, by their attorney, H. E. Hill, today filed a petition in foreclosure against Susan Brandenburgh, H. W. Sager and Joseph Stansler in the court of common pleas.

The petitioners set up a promissory note made by said Susan Brandenburgh to said petitioners which note is secured by mortgage on lots 82 and 83 in Buell's addition to New Bloomington, which is due and unpaid and they seek the sale of said mortgaged premises to pay said mortgage indebtedness

The Fahey Banking company, by its attorneys, Scofield, Durfee & Scofield, this morning filed an answer in the probate court in the case of H Edmund Hill, assignee in trust for the benefit of creditors of George A W. Fields against George A. W. Fields and others

In its answer the banking company sets up a promissory note dated Aug 10, 1894, calling for $1000, made by said Fields and wife to it, and executed by mortgage on the hotel property near the N. Y., P. and Ohio depot.

SHORT CUTS.

The Fostoria council refuses to give a $10,000 bonus for a steel plant.

The Winneonekaijiksings Kooking klub, of Kenton, has again unreeled its name.

Hon. J. L. Hensley is listed among the newly-elected legislators as a physician

An effort is being made at Fostoria to enlist a company of volunteers to fight for Cuba.

Buckwheat flour, like the baking powder, is now running on a platform of absolute purity.

Springfield is swarming with office-seekers who are after General Bushnell for appointments.

Hon. S. R Harris and his private secretary, J. E Hopley, will leave for Washington the day following Thanksgiving.

At Upper Sandusky they say that the recent earthquake had the effect to raise the water in the Sandusky river 14 inches.

Z. T. Lewis, the Urbana bond forger, had 56 indictments returned against him at Dayton and 27 at Urbana. Zach should write another letter

It is understood that Senator Brice will no longer claim a residence in Ohio. The impression was abroad that he had jumped the claim long ago.

Some hunters say game is plentiful this year, others that it is scarce. It depends upon the luck of the hunter or his ability to lie about it.

The present game laws do not permit the marketing of quail. They are intended to protect the birds from the pot-hunter who hunts for profit

W. H. Eggleston, whose initials, "W H E." are familiar to readers of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, is mentioned as the probable private secretary of Governor-elect Bushnell.

Adjutant General Howe sets at rest the rumor that he may receive a reappointment under Governor Bushnell. He declares that he would not accept, preferring to give his newspaper, the Kenton Republican, his whole attention.

Bucyrus Republicans are trying to raise money to purchase a car load of fat sheep that were shipped East but were returned because there was no market for them. It is proposed to send the mutton to Kentucky Republicans as a tribute to the recent victory in that state.

Friends' Oats
ARE KILN DRIED AND NOT AT ALL LIKE ANY OTHER
ROLLED OATS
YOU WILL APPRECIATE THE DIFFERENCE WHEN YOU HAVE TRIED
FRIENDS' OATS
MUSCATINE OAT MEAL CO.
MUSCATINE, IOWA

RAILROAD NOTES.

A. Mordical, general roadmaster of the Erie, was in the city today.

Hal Klimmer, a train dispatcher on the Erie at Galion, was in the city Tuesday afternoon.

J. Q Van Winkle, general superintendent of the Big Four, was in the city a few minutes this morning, while enroute to Bellefontaine. He was in his private car.

The railroad men are all speaking of the large amount of baggage that is being handled at this point. Nearly every train out of Marion is delayed a minute or two on account of the baggage.

Columbus Dispatch: The initial announcement of N Monsarrat, the new president of the Columbus, Sandusky and Hocking, of the reorganization in the official family of the road will contain many surprises but it will be conceded that the selections have been wise ones. Effective November 15 the following appointments are announced: A. W. Dunning, auditor and treasurer William Thornburgh, general superintendent; W. W. Daniels, general freight agent; B. H. Aiken, general passenger agent. The office of purchasing agent will be abolished. The chief engineer's title will be changed to engineer of maintenance of way. The transfer of the property from the receiver to the new management will be effective midnight of November 14. A.W. Dunning, the new auditor and treasurer, was formerly auditor of the C. A. and C., and more recently has been an expert accountant in Cincinnati. William Thornburgh, general superintendent, has been for some months in charge of the transportation department and remains as its chief. W. W. Daniel, general freight agent, has been general freight and passenger agent. The office has been divided and the passenger interests entrusted to B. H. Aiken, who has been with the C., A. and C.—at present division freight and passenger agent of the line in this city.

The Mount Lebanon Shakers recently performed a great deed of charity, although it was not designed as a charity, being nothing more nor less than an advertising scheme. It however resulted in great good just the same They gave away 1,000 bottles of their Digestive Cordial to those suffering from stomach derangements

It was so effective in curing those who used the remedy that they were loud in their praises of it and in consequence a large demand for the cordial was at once created.

The druggists of this town have little books that tell all about it. Digestive Cordial creates an appetite, aids digestion and brings about a rapid increase in flesh and strength.

Laxol is the name of a palatable Castor Oil. Just the thing for children.

Judge Allen Thurman continues to improve.

We Want More All Round Work.

It is clear that we cannot look round and take note of our contemporaries in any department in life without feeling certain that many who stand in the first rank are not indebted in any way to any physical powers which they may have cultivated for the development of their mental organization, and I may include in that observation also some men of past history. Yet, as a matter of history, the physical development comes first and proves that good physical work should be cultivated. The danger lies not in the cultivation of it, but in the over cultivation, and the tendency now is toward the latter.

I can remember when exercises of a physical kind were limited in number; when cricket and rowing were almost the only ones, and when rowing was the only exercise that led to any considerable risk of overstrain. Now both these exercises are being pushed to excess, with others which are very popular, such as football, cycling, and pedestrianism, all [illegible] men to an overcultivation of certain parts of the body that should be [illegible], that destroys its own object, in so far as bodily perfection is concerned, and that certainly when it renders the body imperfect, injures the mind of the owner and of those who [illegible] spring from him.—Sir B. W. Richardson in Saturday Review.

Took to Welsh.

It is seldom that a man so masters a [illegible] that he can express [illegible]

A [illegible] attempting to [illegible] [illegible] suddenly [illegible]

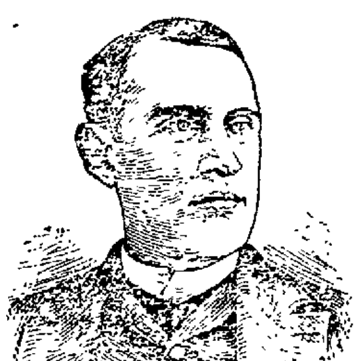
[illegible] that the knowledge of Welsh [illegible] which came so [illegible] to his lips.—New York Observer

LOVED BY EVERYONE.

EUGENE FIELD WILL BE MOURNED UNIVERSALLY.

The Exquisite Humor of His Poems on Child Life—His Wife an Ideal Helper to Him—Some of the Poems That Will Live In Our Hearts.

The news of the death of Eugene Field has filled the hearts of millions of his admirers with sorrow. It used to be said of him that he changed his ink with his varying moods and intentions. If he were blue, the story went, and did not intend to labor long, he used fluid of a deep azure hue; when in fine fettle and purposing doing a quantity of his best work, he dipped his magic pen into ink of a midnight shade; when he had in his mind a love song, a delicate mauve was chosen; if sarcasm and ridicule were to flow from his pen's tip, the color selected was a most sanguinary carmine



EUGENE FIELD

Though his work was from the first such as to command attention, his later years have produced finished literary gems far ahead of his earlier productions.

His earlier writings were mostly humorous, and, in fact, as a humorist his memory will live in most men's minds, though much of his later work is instinct with a true and delicate sentiment.

Mr. Field's forte, both in verse and prose, was, without controversy, his touching delineation of child life and character. His "Little Boy Blue" and his "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" are the work of a master hand. Many of his child pieces will last as the best examples of exquisite feeling, more difficult than all else to put in words. In apposition he had a large strain of humor, but it was brusque rather than polished and delicate and fell far below the infinite tenderness of his verse when the subject was babyhood or childhood. Mr. Field was an admirer of Horace and has done some of the Latin poet's odes into fairly good English verse, sometimes in imitation of the original scansion. This of itself is only a hamper on the freedom of the rendering. He was far better as an original in the school he made for himself than in any imitation. Mr. Field was a sprightly man, exceedingly dry in his humor of conversation, but nevertheless humorous. He was a wit, too, and had no mean talent as a reciter of comical or pathetic bits. His home was cheerful and his library universal.

Following are some of his better known poems. This one came out last Christmas and shows his great love for the little ones.

LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

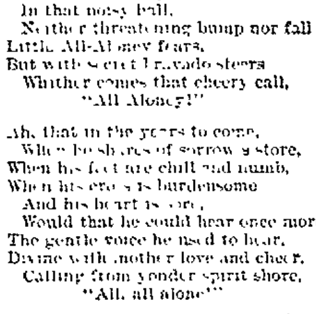
Little All Aloney's feet
Pitter patter in the hall,
And his mother runs to meet
And to kiss her toddling sweet
Ere perchance he fall.
He is, oh, so weak and small!
Yet what danger shall he fear
When his mother hovereth near
And he hears her cheering call,
"All Aloney?"

Little All Aloney's face,
It is all aglow with glee
As around the romping place
At a terrifying pace
Lungeth, plungeth he.
And that hero seems to be
All unconscious of our cheers—
Only one dear voice he hears,
Calling reassuringly,
"All Aloney!"

Though his legs bend with their load,
Though his feet they seem so small
That you cannot help forbode
Some disastrous episode
In that noisy hall,
Neither threatening bump nor fall
Little All-Aloney fears,
But with sweet bravado steers
Whither comes that cheery call,
"All Aloney!"

Ah, that in the years to come,
When he shares of sorrow's store,
When his feet are chill and numb,
When his cross is burdensome
And his heart is sore,
Would that he could hear once more
The gentle voice he used to hear,
Divine with mother love and cheer,
Calling from yonder spirit shore,
"All, all alone!"

Mrs. Field is always spoken of as a little woman; but, as a matter of fact, she is somewhat above the medium height and fully up to the medium weight. Her head is rather small, and her hands and feet extremely so, and somehow she gives the impression of littleness. She has soft brown hair and eyes—velvet eyes, her husband called them—and a complexion as clear and fair as a child's.



MRS EUGENE FIELD.

In a poem to his boy Frederic he has paid a deserved tribute to his wife's steadfast and loyal devotion. It occurs in the last verse:

And when that other comes to you
God grant her love may shine
Through all your life as fair and true
As mamma's does through mine.

With her household cares, with the financial question always present to worry her, with her children to bring up and clothe and educate, Mrs. Field has had no time to devote to literature and was content to bask in the light of her husband's fame. But if by any chance her private correspondence is ever given to the world it will reveal a depth of feeling and a power of expression of which some of the foremost women writers of America might envy her the possession.

"My Playmates" was written only shortly before his death.

MY PLAYMATES

The wind comes whispering to me of the country green and cool,
Of red-wing blackbirds chattering beside a reedy pool.
It brings me soothing fancies of the homestead on the hill,
And I hear the thrush's evening song and the robin's morning trill.
So I fall to thinking tenderly of those I used to know
Where the sassafras and snakeroot and checkerberries grow.

What has become of Ezra Marsh, who lived on Baker's hill?
And what's become of Noble Pratt, whose father kept the mill?
And what's become of Lizzie Crum and Anastasia Snell,
And of Roxie Root, who tended school in Boston for a spell?
They were the boys and they the girls who shared my youthful play.
They do not answer to my call. My playmates, where are they?

What has become of Levi and his little brother Joe,
Who lived next door to where we lived some forty years ago?
I'd like to see the Newton boys and Quincy Adams Brown,
And Hepsy Hall and Ella Cowles, who spelled the whole school down,
And Gracie Smith, the Cutler boys, Leander Snow and all,
Who, I am sure, would answer could they only hear my call.

I'd like to see Bill Warner and the Conkey boys again
And talk about the times we used to wish that we were men.
And one, I shall not name her, could I see her gentle face
And hear her girlish treble in this distant, lonely place!
The flowers and hopes of springtime, they perished long ago,
And the garden where they blossomed is white with winter snow.

O cottage 'neath the maples, have you seen those girls and boys
That but a little while ago made, oh, such pleasant noise?
O trees and hills and brooks and lanes and meadows, do you know
Where I shall find my little friends of forty years ago?
You see, I'm old and weary, and I've traveled long and far;
I am looking for my playmates. I wonder where they are!

He took especial delight in his children, and was forever writing for them and of them. A poem, which came out recently in his "Sharps and Flats" column in the Chicago Record, evidences the tenderness of his affection for his family. It is entitled "The Dreams."

Two dreams came down to earth one night
From the realm of mist and dew—
One was a dream of the old, old days,
And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of a shady lane
That led to the pickerel pond.
Where the willows and rushes bowed themselves
To the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peopled the old time dream
Were pleasant and fair to see,
And the dreamer he walked with them again
As often of old walked he.

Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane
That tangled his curly hair!
Oh, sweet was the music the robins made
To the springtime everywhere!

Was it the dew the dream had brought
From yonder midnight skies,
Or was it tears from the dear, dead years
That lay in the dreamer's eyes?

The other dream ran fast and free
As the moon benignly shed
Her golden grace on the smiling face
In the little trundle bed.

For 'twas a dream of times to come,
Of the glorious noon of day,
Of the summer that follows the careless spring,
When the child is done with play

And 'twas a dream of the busy world
Where valorous deeds are done,
Of battles fought in the cause of right,
And of victories nobly won.

It breathed no breath of the dear old home
And the quiet joys of youth;
It gave no glimpse of the good old friends
Or the old time faith and truth.

But 'twas a dream of youthful hopes,
And fast and free it ran,
And it told to a little sleeping child
Of a boy become a man!

These were the dreams that came one night
To earth from yonder sky;
These were the dreams two dreamers dreamed—
My little boy and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I
Were glad that it was so;
He loved to dream of days to come,
And I of long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I
Unwillingly awoke,
But neither of his precious dream
Unto the other spoke.

Yet of the love we bore those dreams
Gave each his tender sign,
For there was triumph in his eyes—
And there were tears in mine!

Immigration In 1895.

The report of Commissioner General of Immigration Stump shows that during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1895, 258,536 immigrants arrived in the United States, 27,095 less than the preceding year, showing the smallest immigration since 1879. Of these 256,117 were upon examination permitted to land, and 2,419 were debarred and deported at the expense of the various steamship lines transporting them. Of those deported 694 came in violation of the alien contract labor laws. The commissioner general estimates from present indications, owing to the revival of business and consequent demand for labor, that immigration next year will exceed 300,000.

Still El Dorado.

More gold was mined last year in the United States than in all Africa. California is still El Dorado.—Chicago Tribune.

Competition Getting Frantic

Using half page ads, making measily little gifts and using all kinds of devices to get business. Why? Just because the people come here.

Black Dress Goods--

We have decided to reinforce our half dollar black dress goods, not with a new lot but with our 69c and 75c lines. All of them, mind you, Priestley's included—but this week only. Old prices next Monday if any are left.

Wrap Department--

Buying wraps a year old! Think of it! We did—yes. Had an opportunity to buy twenty-five carried over jackets in chinchilla, plain beaver and brown mixed cloth. Last year they sold at $15.00 and $20.00. Choice $5.00—3d floor.

Wraps on 2d floor are all new—nothing carried over. Misses' Jackets are here in immense quantities—mixed red and black, brown and black, blue and red, rough cloths, plain red, plain blue, plain brown, rough or smooth cloths, in sizes 4 to [illegible] years.

Four hundred ladies' wraps on the second floor. Excellent selling capes, kerseys, beavers, astrachan, plush, at $2.75 and up.

FUR CAPES--

We lead—other dealers may say they have the most, the best or the cheapest, but the buyers do not say so. Ladies who have looked around invariably tell us "you have the wraps wanted at the lowest prices." You will be easily convinced.

JACKETS--

Our custom finished coats are as you see them no where else—carefully selected.

Jackets—some plain cloth, some rough cloth, various lengths, buttoned high, storm collar, new wide fronts, at $5.00 up to $25.00.

Underwear--

Good qualities and low prices meet each other here. Underwear lookers will get what they want if they look here. Ladies', gents' and children's underwear—all sizes and prices.

D. A. FRANK & CO.

SPECIALS.

WE WILL SELL YOU

A 10-Quart tin pail for 11c.
A 10-Quart tin dish pan for 10c.
A large wash board for 10c.
A 2-Quart tin coffee pot for 10c.
A 4-Quart hand-made coffee pot for 30c.
A 2-Quart granite coffee pot with granite lid, 65c.
A 3-Quart " " " " 70c
A 4-Quart " " " " 90c
An 8-Quart granite coffee pot with bail, $1 45
Galvanized iron tubs for 70c, 80c and 90c.
Lard cans, all sizes, very cheap.

U. S. Auction Syndicate, J. B. LAYTON.
133 S. MAIN STREET.

COAL

L. B. GURLEY
Sole Agent for
Sunday Creek Coal
Office North of Jail.
TELEPHONE NO. 67

DOWN GO THE PRICES ON WALL PAPER.

10 and 12 Cent Gilt Paper - - - - - - - 8 cts
15 and 18 Cent Gilt Paper - - - - - - - 10 cts
20 and 25 Cent Gilt Paper - - - - - - - 12 cts
30 and 35 Cent Gilt Paper - - - - - - - 16 cts
40 and 50 Cent Gilt Paper - - - - - - - 25 cts

Done to make room for other goods. These prices are for CASH.

LANDON & FERGUSON,
W. CENTER ST., MARION, OHIO.

Fine China,
Cut Glass,
Royal Worcester Ware--
TURNEY'S

Will Have Wood To Burn.

…city of Marion is apt to have …wood on hands than it needs if …of the tramps at Hotel Carlos are …to saw and split a portion. …esday night Marshal Blain allow… …to rest there over night. This …ing he put them at work on the …pile and the result is that he has …pile of wood to burn in the stove …lodging place, and more than …be used in a couple of nights. …hal Blain has had but very little …in getting the tramps to work. …are sulky about the work, but …of them take hold of the saw and …the ax with a vim.

…RENT—Nicely furnished rooms, sin… …or ensuite, furnace heated. Two and …arter blocks south of court house 319 …Main street. 293tf

…SALE—Three pleasant homes on east …church street, also two on south Main …bargain. House for rent. Call on …Wright. 293tf

…SALE—New six-room house and lot …vacant lot corner Bellefontaine …and Windsor street; summer …filtered cistern; have fixed price …it. Come and see me.
KELLY MOUNT,
…tf 437 Bellefontaine avenue.

…ST—Stick-pin, opal setting, surrounded …small diamonds. Liberal reward …for its return to M. Nelson & …'s jewelry store. 303t3

…NISHED ROOM—At 266 south State …street. Furnace heat. Front room, sep… …entrance. Call on Mrs. Eliza Diebold. 3 5etf

…ANTED—Everybody to call at the Ma… …rion Shirt Factory and examine their …and workmanship. By so doing you …find there is as good shirts manufactur… …Marion as in any larger city. m-w-s

…ANTED—Hundred pounds of old rags, clean muslin preferred. Will pay good … Bring them to STAR office.

…R. A. RHU, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
…ce 123 S. Prospect St., Telephone, 50. Marion, Ohio.
…eases of the Eye and Ear. Spectacles Carefully Fitted.
…DICAL AND SURGICAL DISEASES OF WOMEN.
…Office hours from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.

…AILROAD TICKETS
AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.
…J. WIANT, Ticket Broker.
In Wiant's Bookstore.

If You Haven't Tried Headley's Cigars You Haven't Tried The Best.

…r. Jerry M. Garber,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
…and residence …Memorial Bld'g, …Center & State Sts.. Marion, O. Tel. 103.
…FFICE HOURS:—a. m. 9:00 to 11:30; p. m. …to 4:30; p. m. 7:00 to 8:30. Sundays—a. …to 10:30; p. m. 2:00 to 4:00, standard …

FOR FIRE INSURANCE —GO TO— …Ault & Kling

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

The second of the entertainments to be given under the auspices of the local Prohibitionists was had at the court house last night.

The Marion Tool company today shipped a car load of goods to New York for export. The goods were consigned to Patterson, Harral & Gray.

There will be a concert Friday evening for the benefit of Mizpah Encampment, I. O. O. F. The receipts will go toward paying the expenses of the encampment here next year.

The board of trustees of the First Presbyterian church met at the church parlors Monday and organized by electing F. W. Fish president, F.W. Thomas vice president, and H. M. Ault secretary.

The paving at the west end of the transfer near the public square has been taken up and the switch is being elevated. It had gone down slightly and it was thought best to raise it before cold weather set in.

The program for the Elks' social was completed today. Prof. R. O. Becker, who has charge of the music, has arranged an elaborate musical program for the occasion. After the musical program a dance will follow.

The building committee of the First Presbyterian church has reorganized for the ensuing year and the following officers have been elected: F. W Thomas, chairman; H. M. Ault, secretary; T. P. Wallace, treasurer and Henry True, collector.

In the case of the Roberts-Monnett ditch, the county commissioners rendered their decision this morning and reported in favor of the ditch. Those opposed at once filed notice of appeal The ditch in question starts in Claridon township and running about four miles ends in Rocky Fork, Grand Prairie township.

Master Ray King, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. King, of west Center street, celebrated his sixth birthday anniversary Tuesday by entertaining a party of thirty juvenile friends from 3 to 6 o'clock. It was a jolly company and the event was duly celebrated. Dainty sacks of candy were the souvenirs of the occasion.

LOCAL MENTION.

Wait for Saxby. 305t2

The Devil in Names—hear Lanceley at Epworth church tonight.

Take a look at our underwear before you buy. 305t3 MARTIN & WILEY.

Massillon Lump and Massillon Wash Nut, by Prendergast Lumber & Coal Co. 301tf

Dr. Lanceley, the most brilliant orator of all, at Epworth church tonight.

Telephone No. 12 calls up F. E. Blake the florist and gardener, on Garden City pike. 137-tf

The celebrated Murray City lump coal for sale by Linsley & Lawrence. Telephone 6. 43-tf

Lanceley lectures, Epworth church, tonight and tomorrow night. Tickets good for one or both nights can be obtained at the door.

The Marion Shirt Factory prides itself in turning shirts out to compete in quality, workmanship and fit with any shirt factory in America. m-wk-s

W. C. T. U. meeting will be held Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, at 4th door north of Blue Front clothing store. 270-wtf SECRETARY

A Marion man of high standing was heard to remark that he would hear Saxby should he have to borrow the price. We all think it would be a good investment.

Tickets for the Lanceley lectures on Wednesday and Thursday evenings at the Epworth church, are for sale by Tristram & Young, C. G. Wiant, Martin & Wiley and M. & J. E. Waddell. 305-t4

Encourage home industry by leaving an order at the Marion Shirt factory, opposite Masonic block. By so doing you will give employment to people here at home and get as good a shirt as any factory produces, in fit, quality, etc. If it is inconvenient for you to call at the factory drop a card and our representative, Mr. J. Hume, will call upon you and show you our goods and styles. m-w-s

Publishers' LOWEST SUBSCRIPTION PRICES

We quote on all the leading magazines and weeklies of the day, such as Ladies' Home Journal, Scribner, Munsey, Delineator, McClure, Harper, Enquirer, Commercial Gazette, State Journal and hundreds of others. We also have single numbers of the chief ones for sale.

C. G. WIANT, Bookseller and Stationer.

FATALLY WOUNDED.

MICHAEL CARTER A FORMER LARUE BOY, SHOT.

Carter Stops a Stray Bullet That Was Fired During a Deadly Encounter Between a Mexican and Negro at Fort Worth, Texas.

Michael Carter, a telegraph operator of LaRue, is lying at the point of death in Fort Worth, Texas, where he has been employed.

Tuesday a Mexican and a negro engaged in a quarrel, which resulted in revolvers being pulled and several shots being fired. The negro was killed in the melee and a stray bullet struck Carter and he is lying at the point of death, with but little hopes of his recovery.

Michael Carter is well known in this city. He is a brother of Eddie Carter and both of the brothers have been employed at Marion. Mike worked on the C. and E., his last position being the night trick at Hammond, Ind. He left here several years ago and has been working in the West since that time. He is between 37 and 30 years of age, and is well known to all of the railroad men in this city, especially the operators. His relatives still reside in LaRue. The message that brought news of his death was to the effect that he was fatally wounded and would live but a short time. The message was received with regret by those who knew him here, as he was a fellow who had many friends.

THRIFTY WILLIAM COPELAND.

He Tries To Sell His Sister-In-law's Horse.

Late this afternoon Mrs. G. G. Curtis, who resides eight miles north of Marion, was in Acting-Mayor McKinley's office, swearing out a warrant for the arrest of William Copeland "the fiddler."

Mrs. Curtis is a sister-in-law of William, and came over this morning with a buggy load of turnips and vegetables to give to her sister. She had purchased her sons two suits of clothes before going to the house and met William just as she was going to put the horse up at a livery stable and wanted him to take the vegetables and she would put the horse away. William would not have it that way. He insisted that she drive the horse to his house in the north end of the city, where he would feed the animal and she must take dinner with him.

Mrs. Curtis finally complied with the request of her brother-in-law. He put up the horse, but after dinner when she went to get it the animal and buggy were gone. She came on down street and found that William was just about to close a bargain for the sale of the animal for ten dollars, at a saloon north of the railroads. The buyer, however, wanted Copeland to sign an affidavit that he owned the horse and had a perfect right to dispose of it. This he refused to do. Finding that he could not sell the horse he skipped just as Mrs. Curtis put in her appearance. The two suits of clothes were missing from the buggy and Copeland will be arrested for stealing.

Howard Saxby: "Some sorts and conditions of men," Nov. 21st. 1

THE FROGS

Entertain at the Home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stowe.

The Frogs gave one of their select entertainments at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stowe, on Bradford street, Tuesday night.

The members of the club and their guests assembled about 8 o'clock and from that hour on until 10:30 the game of pedro furnished amusement for all.

When the score was figured up it was found that Fortune had been most kind to Miss Alice Hane in that she had made the greatest number of points, thus securing the prize a beautiful jewel casket.

Miss Hane having been congratulated on her good fortune the members of the club and their guests repaired to the dining room where a dainty spread awaited them.

At the plate of each lady lay a bunch of chrysanthemums and a Marechal Niel rose was the favor provided for each gentleman present. The following menu was served:

Terrapin.
Olives. Celery.
Lobster salad.
Little Neck clams.
Coffee. Wafers

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stowe, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Turney, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Uhler, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kling, Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Dombaugh, and Misses Hane, Alice Hane, Cunningham, Fish, Carrie Wallace and Margaret Leonard, and Messrs J. E. Phillips, A. L. McNeal, T. M. Cunningham, J. W. Nelson, H. B. Hane and Sidney Young.

Take a look at our underwear before you buy. 305t3 MARTIN & WILEY.

THE DEVIL

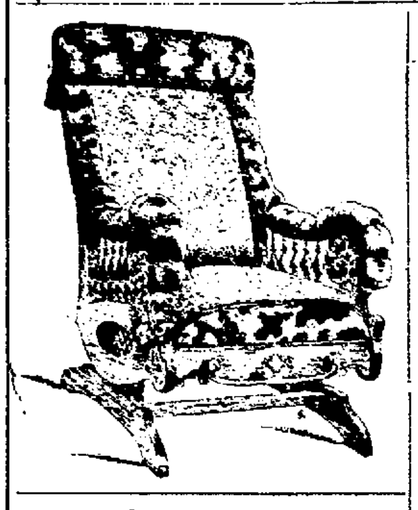
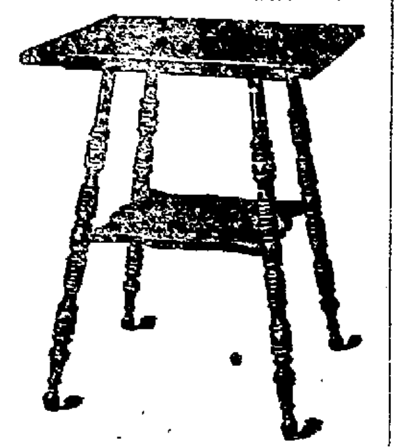
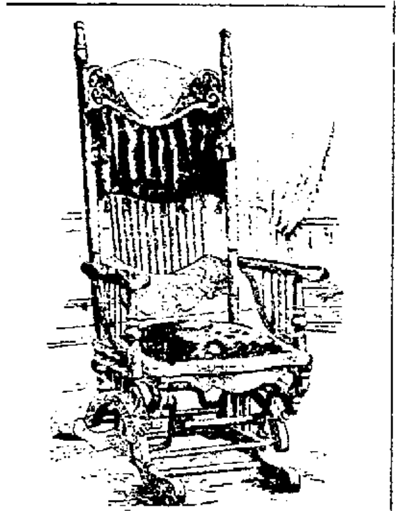
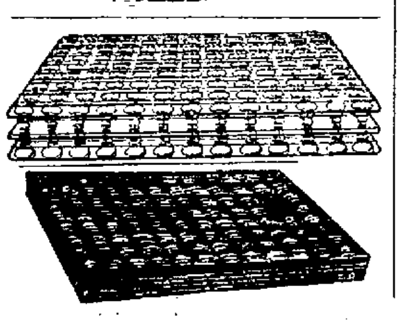
In Names, Such Is The Title of Dr. Launceley's Lecture Tonight.

He is versatile, an orator; clean wit, keen satire, and logical deductions being so perfectly and rapidly interchanging that no one is wearied by ovartian sentences nor obstruse evolutions. He is awake, up to date, the most popular speaker of all who have visited Marion.

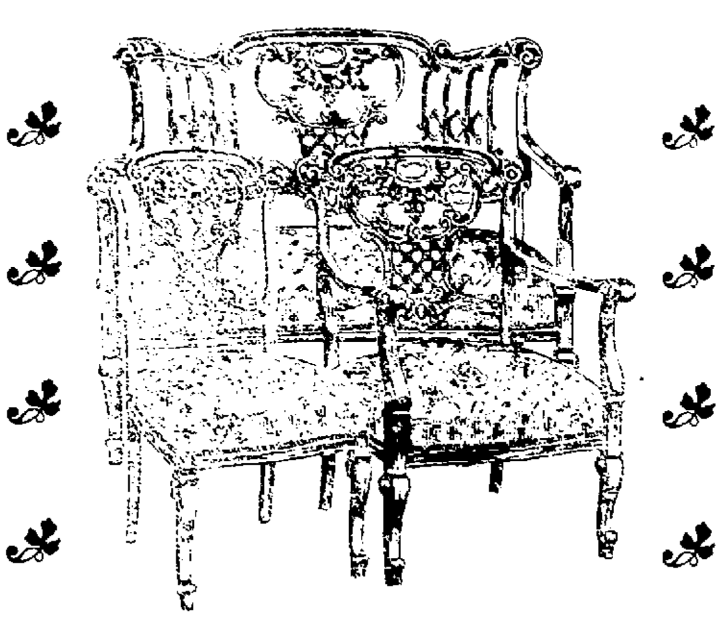
Saxby has the happy faculty of making people laugh without making a clown of himself. 1

Dr. Lanceley tonight at Epworth M E. church on "The Devil in Names."

McCLAIN, THE HOUSE FURNISHER.

THE COMPLETE
Furnishing of Homes



That's our business, and we know how to do it better, quicker and easier than any half dozen individual dealers possibly can. Our years of experience are worth something to you by way of advice and the saving of dollars. Credit if you want it! Goods delivered free anywhere in town or country. Watch for big holiday announcements!

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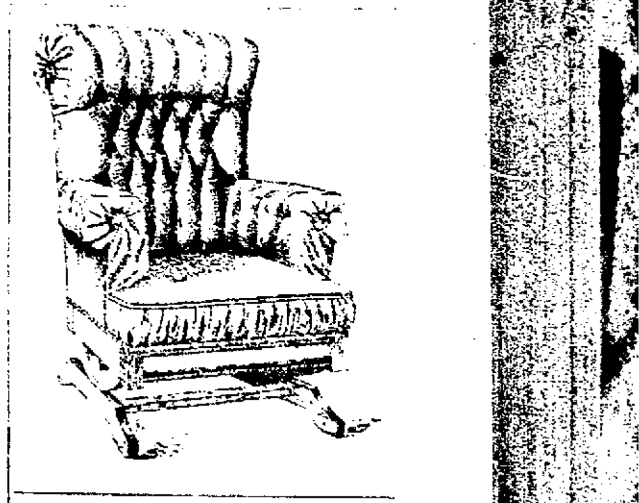
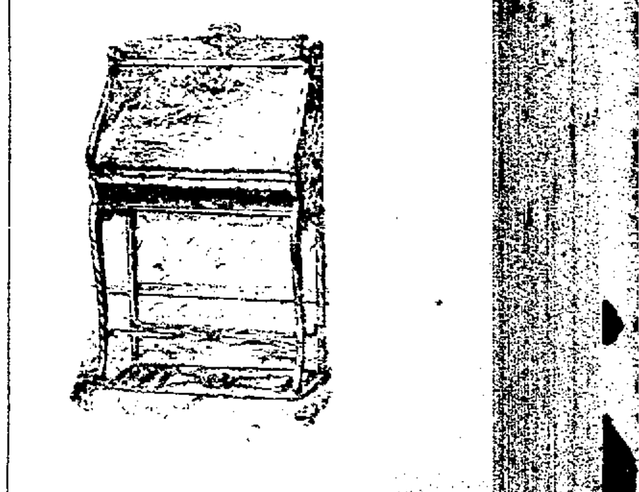
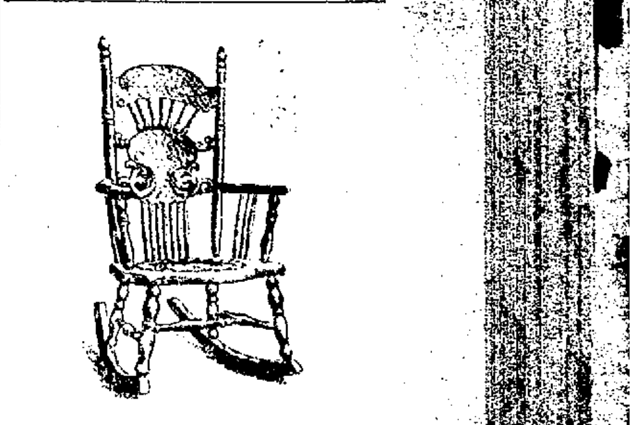
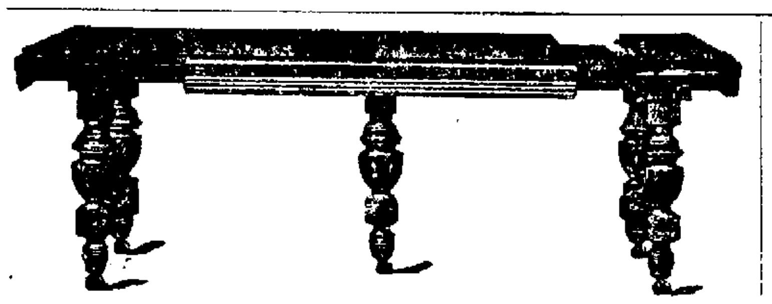
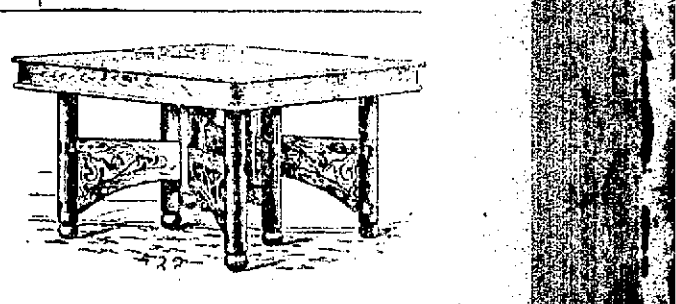

TOOK THE HORN.

Frank Ackerman Goes Away With People's Band Property.

Frank Ackerman has been the cause of much unfavorable comment today among the members of the People's band. Frank is a painter and paper hanger and also a good musician. He came here during the summer and was at once taken into the People's band. He gave splendid satisfaction, and was quite an addition to the organization.

A week ago he received an offer to join a show. He wanted to take a tenor horn with him that was owned by the band. The officers of the band offered to lease him another instrument, but this he refused to have and wanted one of the new instruments. They informed him that it was impossible for them to allow him to take one of those instruments as they were the property of the band and that they could not allow them to go out of the city except with the band. Ackerman said but little, but Monday night quietly packed up his belongings, took the horn and skipped for Indianapolis, where he joined the traveling company.

George Ackerman, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, mourns a board bill of several dollars. Ackerman's friends here think that he will eventually return the horn, but it is possible that it will cause Ackerman some trouble.

Our wrap department has been very busy during the special sale days and a number of the lines, as advertised, have been closed out, but we have replaced them with some choice garments for the last day's business, Thursday, Nov. 15.

UHLER, PHILLIPS & CO.

Legal Scrap Over a Gun.

George Rice issued an attachment on the gun of Charles Ash through the court of 'Squire McKinley Tuesday evening. Rice alleges that Ash borrowed five dollars of him, showing him his bank book at the time and stating that he only needed the money until he could get to the bank. Ash in the meantime drew his deposits from the bank and left the employ of Ben Mosier, where he worked.

Ash owned a shot gun and Rice on Monday borrowed it. Tuesday Ash sent word that he would have Rice arrested at once if he did not return the gun. Tuesday evening Rice secured the writ and with a constable returned the gun to Mosier's place. Just as Rice handed it over Constable Huggins took charge of it. The case will be given a hearing on the 15th.

Mrs. DeLauder Leaves.

Rumor has it that Mrs. L. H. DeLauder, of Agosta, left her better half Sunday night and has gone to her brother's home in Illinois.

Underwear is our specialty. We sell cheap. 305t3 MARTIN & WILEY.

Hard and Soft Coal.
All Kinds,
Best Quality,
PHONE 8. Prompt Delivery.
THE PRENDERGAST LUMBER & COAL CO.

Will Teach Music Here.

Miss Marguerite Hills and Mr. Henry B. Vincent beg to announce that they will devote two days a week to teaching in Marion. Miss Hills will receive pupils in singing and general voice culture; Mr. Vincent in all grades of piano instruction, musical history, theory and analysis. All communications may be addressed to them at Delaware, Ohio. 1

The U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

F. R. SAITER,
STOVES, RANGES,
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131 S. MAIN ST.
ESTABLISHED 1865
Agent for the Economy Furnace. Get my Prices.

GROSSCUP & PLANK, COAL, WOOD AND LUMBER.

Our Uptown Office IS LOCATED.

You will find us with desk room at W. J. Grills' Marion Bazar, where we respond to calls for telephone 169. We solicit your orders for

ANY OR ALL KINDS OF COAL.

SUNDAY CREEK,
HOCKING, ...
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SOFT COAL. All Grades of Anthracite Coal.

WE HANDLE ALL GRADES OF HARD WOOD LUMBER.

We call your attention to the convenience of an uptown, ground floor office, promise you prompt service and guarantee full weight and courteous treatment in all dealings. Leave orders for wood.

GROSSCUP & PLANK. 'Phone 169. Office at Marion Bazar. Yards on Quarry Street, West of Huber Works.

Madness In His Method.

By FLORENCE L. GUERTIN.

(Copyright, 1895, by the [illegible].)

Courtright went [illegible] up the steps, looking at his watch, [illegible] the bell. Her brougham was standing in front of the door, and he knew that she would be ready.

She came down [illegible] in a plain dark traveling gown [illegible] the violets he had sent her pinned [illegible] and with a maid [illegible] her steamer and umbrella behind her.

"To the Forty-second street station," he said to the [illegible] and the sleek looking [illegible] proceeded.

It was about a year since Courtright had first met Miss Schuyler. Their acquaintance had begun on board a train bound for California, and they had become very good friends. The following winter found him a steady caller at the Schuyler domicile, yet [illegible] to say [illegible] receiving more [illegible] than the other men who called quite as frequently, and who were also more or less enamored of Miss Schuyler's healthy type of [illegible]. At least, if he was preferred it was not made known, and he was treated with the same cordial frankness that characterized her manner toward all. Someone had once sagaciously remarked that Constance Schuyler could not be a flirt, for she was too much interested in every man she met, and perhaps the secret of her popularity lay in the fact that she was interested in people, which always flatters and generally awakens interest in return. Courtright said she possessed adaptability to a very marked degree, and that it was that quality which enabled her to make friends with the oldest and crustiest of bachelors, [illegible] with the youngest and most swaggering of college youths, and that with all her vivacity and high spirits there was an undercurrent of sympathetic womanliness that appealed to you, and he summed it up by saying that she was the most delightfully human and thoroughly lovable girl he had ever met.

In the absence from town of her father he said that he wanted the privilege of escorting her to the station, and as they bowled along in the snug little brougham he told her that there was nothing else he wanted and then repeated the sweet, ancient story in a manly, nineteenth century fashion.

It was no novel recital to Constance Schuyler, yet she wondered why it had never before been so hard to say "No." But she said it very firmly and decidedly, for if she loved him now she had not found it out, and it was much better to tell him how sure she was rather than to let him go on, deluding himself with the vain idea that some time she might grow fond of him. After her frank words Courtright, looking out of the window, replied meditatively:

"No, I should not want to hang around a woman for years, hoping that some day she might care for me and bothering her about it. I should want her to come to me gladly, and because she wanted to, and I would not marry Venus herself unless she loved me." Then he looked at her critically and continued with delightful audacity: "I think I could marry you, though, if I did persevere, but I should always feel that perhaps you were not giving me your best love. It seems to me that that sort of thing ought to be spontaneous. I shouldn't care to be married to be got ten rid of."

"But you believe that love is a gradual growth, don't you?" Constance asked, wishing in spite of herself to explore further into this partly known but still fascinating territory.

"Not necessarily," he answered. "Do you remember the morning that I first saw you, going out to California? The train had stopped, and Peters and I got out to walk up and down the station. You came out of the car and stood on the platform, talking to someone below the steps. I heard you laugh, and looked up, and saw you standing there with your head a little thrown back, and your white teeth and dimples showing. I think I succumbed on the spot. I couldn't get you out of my thoughts anyway, and didn't rest until I had met you. It entailed two days of conversation on the general state of the country with your father, in the smoking car, and the consuming of no end of cigars, but I was rewarded at last."

Miss Schuyler laughed.

"And all the time poor father never suspected the deep scheme you were laying, and gave you no end of credit for being clever because you listened to his views on the silver question, and the tariff, and everything else he was interested in. He used to come back from the smoking car to mother and me and tell us about the bright chap with whom he had been 'settling the affairs of the nation.'"

She congratulated herself that she had steered the conversation off dangerous ground and that it had taken a less serious turn. Personalities, above all, she felt were to be avoided. But Courtright evidently did not agree with her, and plunged boldly in again.

"I saw something in your face that day, as you stood there, that I had never [illegible] women's before. I don't believe I could explain it to you"—she looked at him inquiringly—"but"—[illegible] he could explain—"you know you're an awful [illegible] girl, Miss Schuyler, and I think, even if I were married to you, I'd always be a [illegible] jealous. I used to want to make [illegible] every young [illegible] who used to [illegible] in Pasadena. You [illegible]"—continuing to analyze her as if she were not present—"that will always interest men with a [illegible]. I suppose it's [illegible] and besides"—[illegible]—"you're [illegible]"—[illegible] with a [illegible] laugh.

Constance Schuyler grew "peachier" and felt that she ought to frown, yet was conscious of a little [illegible] at finding written [illegible] was glad Courtright [illegible] at [illegible] absurd things about her. But she said aloud she was very sorry he felt as he did, and that as long as he continued in the same frame of mind he must not come to see her, as it would hardly be fair for him, when she felt so very certain about herself. Then the carriage drew up in front of the big red station, and there was not time to answer this rather depressing remark. They passed through the crowded waiting room out into the vast shed of the building beyond and proceeded to "walk a mile" to the train.

Courtright thought [illegible] her last remark, and made up his mind he would never adhere to it. He felt very downcast as he realized that he was giving her up for a time at least, and that she was going to a place where [illegible] every man there would want to marry her. He glanced down at her, thinking how sweet she was, and found that she, too, did not look particularly cheerful.

"Constance," he said quite low, "if this is the end, won't you let me kiss you goodby—just once?"

Miss Schuyler almost stood still with astonishment and grew at least three inches taller.

"Certainly not!" she replied in the most emphatic tones of which she was capable, looking at him severely and with such utter consternation on her face that Courtright had to bite his lip and pull hard at his mustache to keep from smiling. She saw that he wanted to laugh and felt that she had not succeeded in properly snubbing him. She went on indignantly, taking the first argument that came into her mind, and in which her conventional training and desire for appearances asserted itself:

"What a frantic idea! What would the people on the train think of you?"

"Oh, they wouldn't think anything of it," he said and added drolly: "I'd say, 'Give my love to Maria,' or something like that, and then simply kiss you."

It sounded so absurd that Constance laughed in spite of herself, but had no fear. In her eyes it would have been a heinous crime, and Courtright, she knew, was a man to be trusted. Then the train made a feint of starting, and they ran a little for fear of losing it. There was but one chair vacant in the center of the car, holding out its arms to receive her, when they entered, and she dropped into it, panting a little.

"Goodby!" she said, looking up at him and holding out a neat tan gloved hand. "Goodby!" he answered, taking it in his own and holding it a second longer than was necessary, and then, before she knew what he was about, he stooped, and saying "Give my love to Maria!" lightly kissed her cheek.

It was only a very little kiss and landed almost on her ear, just above the high fur collar of her coat, and was taken through one of the little dotted veils she generally wore, but it was enough to send the hot blood surging to her eyebrows and to awaken indignation and rebellion within her.

He saw instantly the mistake he had made and regretted bitterly the spirit of mischief that had prompted him to the act. She was leaving him in anger, and there was not time to prevent it. The train was puffing and catching its breath, as if to collect enough to propel it, and was already slowly moving. He glanced down at her pleadingly.

"You will send me your card when you return?" he said.

"Never!" she replied shortly, returning his glance with a look that contained fire and swords and other deadly weapons and almost petrified him on the spot. He was obliged to leave the car or go with it, and he did the former, half dazed, realizing as he stood on the platform watching the receding train that he had gone a step too far. Of course she was hurt and insulted, and he called himself a cad and other hard names and said no penance would be too great for him. Then an idea came to his troubled brain, and, turning, he walked quickly back to put it into execution.

For one hour Miss Schuyler remained motionless in her chair, too stunned to move. That Courtright, of all men, should offer her such an affront had almost taken her breath away. It not only outraged her inbred ideas of propriety, but destroyed every particle of her faith in men, and she told herself she could "never forgive him." She was still wearing her heavy coat in the warm car till she felt of her forehead and found that it was feverish and that she herself was almost stifling. Slipping off the coat, she hung it up, laying his violets scornfully on the window sill. She would not wear them. Then she resumed her former position, with her head on the back of the chair, repeating to herself, "How could he do it? How could he do it?"

The train was pulling into Stamford when a very small messenger boy boarded the car, crying in a voice that was out of [illegible] to his size,

"Is Miss Schuyler here?"

Constance sprang to her feet.

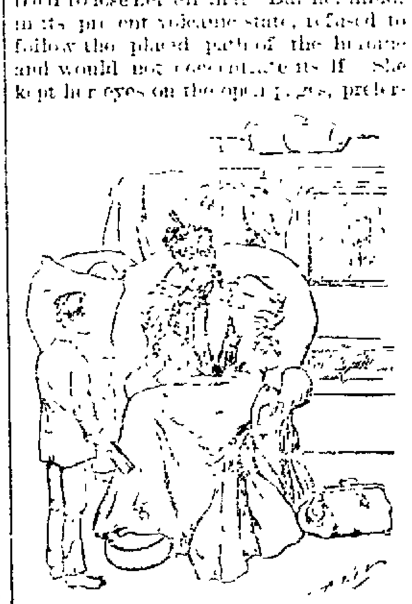
Her first thought was of home. Had her mother been taken suddenly ill and had they sent for her, or had her father met with one of those horrible accidents with which the papers abounded? A thousand awful possibilities flashed like meteors through her mind as, with trembling fingers, she tore the envelope open.

"Regret exceedingly my conduct on train.—Courtright," were the words that met her frightened eyes. In the reaction that came she felt almost grateful to Courtright for having something for which to apologize. Then the impropriety and rudeness of it rushed back, and she hardened her heart against listening to his repentance. Of course he regretted it, she would give him credit for that, but [illegible] altogether unpardonable. She [illegible] this to herself [illegible] times for fear she might forget it.

The train was now at Bridgeport, but she was hardly conscious that they were stopping until her reveries were suddenly broken by again hearing her name. A second blue coated envoy stood at the end of the car, bawling, like the first, for "Miss Constance Schuyler!" With flaming cheeks she half rose and announced that she answered to that title, feeling that the eyes of every one in the car were fastened upon her and wishing that Courtright was out of existence. What did he mean, she asked angrily? Had he not made her conspicuous enough for one day? What would these people say of her—to be [illegible] with a man who had kissed her goodby, and sent her telegrams at every station? And what was old Mr. De Peyster, who sat near her and was a political friend of her father's, thinking of her as he lowered his paper and peered over his glasses at her, watching her open the yellow envelope? She glanced at it hastily, knowing now that there was no cause for great alarm.

"I realize that it was rude and ungentlemanly.—C.," she read.

Constance's lip curled with disdain as she thought that she, too, realized it, and she took a novel from her bag and tried to lose herself in it. But her mind, in its present volcanic state, refused to follow the placid path of the heroine and would not concentrate itself. She kept her eyes on the open pages, preferring not to meet the inquisitive glances of those near her. She had never felt so uncomfortable and blamed Courtright more than ever. The very car wheels were singing a monotonous song, of which the refrain was, "Give my love to Maria; give my love—to Maria," at any other time appealing to her sense of humor, but now fanning her ire. But it was to rise yet higher, for at New Haven a third messenger entered and followed the example of his strong lunged predecessors. It was the first time she had ever wished to disown the proud name of Schuyler, and she felt a further strong inclination to throw the telegram unopened out of the window. It proved to be a continuation of the other two, reading:


"And sincerely beg your pardon."

"And sincerely beg your pardon. Please answer.—Courtright."

But she told the boy that there was no answer, and, signing the book, watched him depart, as he wondered what made the young lady's cheeks so red. There was no mistaking the fact that now she was an object of much more interest to the occupants of the car than the books and magazines they held. With one accord her traveling companions glanced curiously at her, and the young man with the checked clothes, who had stolen furtive glances before, now stared at her quite boldly, making her cheeks burn as if all the blood in her body had settled there. She thought her anger at Courtright had long since reached the boiling point, but it now bubbled over and effervesced. How dared he humiliate her so? She would give anything to escape these awful looks. Even the porter and the conductor were eyeing her suspiciously, conversing with heads together at one end of the car, she felt sure, about her. And when the latter moved toward her and stopped at her chair she almost thought he had come to request her to leave, and so he had, but merely to the car in front, as she had taken a seat in the wrong one. She welcomed gladly any escape, and he helped to move her things. She glanced at the violets on the window sill, hesitating about taking them. It was too bad to leave them there to fade, she told herself, and snatching them up hastily she followed the conductor.

She breathed a long sigh of relief when she was re-established in the preceding car, with her back to the "fresh" youth and his inquisitive neighbors.

When the train reached Hartford, Constance watched the door with anxious eyes, fearing to be confronted by a fourth telegraphic emissary, but was spared any further ordeal. The time [illegible] dragged wearily and was spent in [illegible] the chances on the [illegible] the morning and in bitter [illegible] of Courtright for daring to [illegible] for his inconsiderateness [illegible] the telegrams. As she [illegible] the train in Boston she felt [illegible] the most uncomfortable [illegible] she had ever taken, and that her visit in Boston was not commencing under the most auspicious of circumstances.

[illegible] a busy week of rushing [illegible] one thing to another—teas, lectures, teas and symphonies, mornings with [illegible] and afternoons with the [illegible] Darwinian and other clubs, with now and then a fine [illegible] dance thrown in—she found, to her surprise, that Courtright still remained uppermost in her thoughts. Though his conduct yet awoke indignation, she was able to review it more calmly, and at length caught herself drawing comparisons between him and the men she now met, with the credit in his favor. She realized that he was a [illegible]—one who would make his mark in the world [illegible] strokes—and was surprised to find how closely he associated himself as well with the little things of her life. Her very umbrella suggested him, as she recalled the morning they had chanced to meet on Broadway when Courtright was up town buying a wedding present for some one and had [illegible] with her. They were caught in the rain that soon fell and he had rushed her into Gorham's for shelter and had insisted on her choosing a pretty umbrella from the "millennium of selection" offered them, and she recalled how they had gone home together under it, in preference to taking a cab. It had been such fun, and she sighed to think it was all over. Then she went back to that last morning and found that out of the chaos of resentment that had been wrought such tumult in her soul one thing only now seemed to stand out clearly—Courtright loved her and she had refused him, putting an end to all companionship whatever. She thought of the time when she would return home and would not see him, except to meet him occasionally at the [illegible] affairs to which they would both be invited. She thought of the walks and drives and box parties that would continue, but at which he would be missing, and was surprised to find how unattractive they appeared. Other men would be ready to step into the breach, [illegible] could they fill his place, she asked herself. Whom did she know as bright and amusing as he, or as thoughtful and kind, or even as good looking, she added, after exhausting all his other attributes. The idea of putting him out of her life entirely was so distasteful to her she resolved to think no more about it—a little way she had with things she considered unpleasant, and which proved that she was, in her fashion, something of a philosopher.

* * * * * *

Two weeks after Miss Schuyler's arrival in Boston Mrs. Mortimer Stanton gave one of her famous dinners. When all were established in their places, she glanced around the mahogany board at her guests and the perfect appointments, drew a little sigh, breathing content, and said that "it was well." She eyed Constance critically, affirming she had never seen her look better, and admiring again that proud little poise of head, more noticeable now that the curve of her neck and shoulders could be seen. Young Searles, who sat on her right, and between whom and Constance Mrs. Stanton hoped to make a match, said that he had never seen a head so well set, and that the poise was "birdlike" and made no secret of his admiration of it, and, although Miss Schuyler had accepted and found rather pleasant his devotion on her previous visit and knew that the Searles' ancient family tree and the golden apples that hung from it were hers if she chose to but reach forth her hand for them, she felt a little wearied now by his constant chatter and turned to the man on her left, who was new material and, she hoped, more interesting. Since those repentant telegrams she had received no word from Courtright. To be sure, he did not know her address, but he might easily have obtained that, she said, of her father or mother if he had really cared for it, and she almost regretted not having sent him some little reply.

The enlivening hum of conversation around the table was broken by Mr. Stanton, who glanced across at his young guest and said:

"By the way, Constance, a rather mysterious episode occurred in the office today that concerned you." The laughter and talk almost ceased.

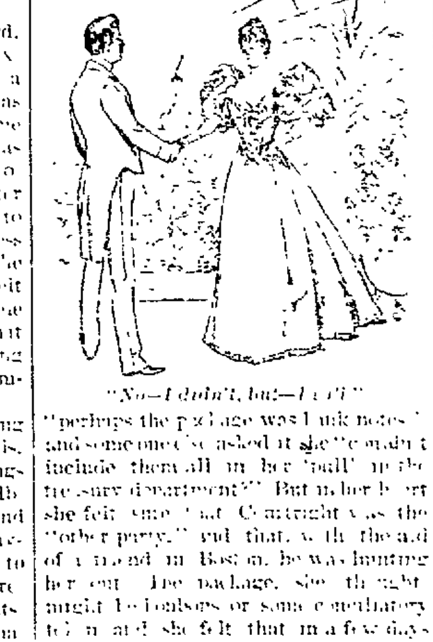
"Some one called me up on the telephone and said, 'Is this Mr. Mortimer Stanton of —— Beacon street?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'Good,' he said. 'Is Miss Schuyler visiting you?'" In the silence now the soft tread of the servants moving around the table was the only sound.

"I asked him what he wished of you, but he said, 'Oh, nothing—merely a package I have been commissioned to have delivered to her, and I wanted to make sure of her address.' He was going to shut me off, but I told him to hold on a minute and tell me who he was. Then he said his identity didn't make the slightest difference, as he was simply acting for another party."

Miss Schuyler's heart gave a bound, but she calmly reached for an olive.

"I pressed him still further," Mr. Stanton went on, "and he replied, a little impatiently, that it wasn't of the least importance, but that he was from the treasury department."

Every one looked at Miss Schuyler to see if she could solve the riddle, but she laughed and said that it was probably a joke. Young Searles suggested that "perhaps the package was bank notes," and someone else asked if she "couldn't include them all in her 'haul' in the treasury department?" But in her heart she felt sure that Courtright was the "other party," and that, with the aid of a friend in Boston, he was hunting her out. The package, she thought, might be bonbons or some conciliatory token, and she felt that in a few days she would hear from him, and the thought caused the dimples to break around her mouth and young Searles' conversation even to seem not so exhaustingly insipid.


"No—I didn't, but—I will."

She had wavered long between her [illegible] Courtright and the very just cause she felt she had to be angry with him. But she knew now what she should do.

The next day, when Mr. Stanton's solemn faced "inside man" knocked on her door and silently presented a salver with a box upon it, she knew that her heart had told her truly. The box contained clusters of great double purple [illegible] and [illegible] in [illegible] Courtright [illegible]. She gave them [illegible] [illegible] his [illegible].

Miss Schuyler read the note through the [illegible] again, going over it as she [illegible] psychology in her school [illegible] until she could almost have [illegible] it backward. She put the flowers in a cut glass bowl and [illegible] among the silver things on her dressing table. Then she went to find Mrs. Stanton, humming a snatch from the [illegible], the [illegible] were singing, and told her that she really could not remain any longer than Saturday.

* * * * * *

The Van [illegible] gave a large reception in New York [illegible] day after Miss Schuyler's return, with "Dancing after 11" on the cards. Constance entered with her mother and had quite a little court of people who [illegible] they were more than glad to see her back again and who asked the usual [illegible] questions about the Boston [illegible]. She chatted with them charmingly, listening all the while to the names announced at the door and glancing occasionally in that direction. Dancing came, at [illegible] Courtright had not appeared. She took an arm [illegible] and moved slowly toward the [illegible], stopping in a small [illegible] for the moment vacant, while her escort went to bring her an ice. Her throat was parched, and she confessed to herself that the evening had not been a success. Then she buried her face in a cool bowl of roses standing near, half wishing that she were one of them. As she stooped there some one [illegible] softly across the floor and a dark head almost touched hers on the other side while a repentant voice inquired, "Did you give my love to Maria?"

Lifting her head, Constance saw Courtright standing before her, looking at her with twinkling eyes. Their expression was irresistible. She struggled with herself but a moment. Then she threw back her head and laughed as she had done when he first saw her in Colorado. When she stretched out her hand, it was to put it in his, as she replied, "No—I didn't, but—I will."

THE END.

Breton Superstition.

Although nominally converted to Christianity in the same century as the Irish, the Scan islanders [illegible] and many of the practices of Druidism down to quite modern times. In the seventeenth century, when Pere Maunoir [illegible] their reconversion, the pagan [illegible] of the old Celtic world was still strong on this rock. It was [illegible] the church was built. Even now there is a current of Druidism that runs side by side [illegible] with the fervent Christianity of the people. They [illegible] they hear their dead speaking to them by the voices of the waves, and the fancied messages that they thus receive from disembodied spirits tinge their interpretation of the doctrine of the communion of souls [illegible] by their ministers with a superstitious mysticism that is only tolerated by the Roman Catholic clergy, [illegible] to correct it might do more harm than good.

This habit of living with the dead and looking for signs from them is [illegible] especially observed among the women, who fall so under the sway of it that the most of the time that many of them spend in prayer is in the cemetery, not in the church. The men attach great importance to the signs of weather. There is a beautiful [illegible] bird with black and white plumage and an orange colored beak, shaped much like a parrot's, which in their belief always brings fine weather. The name is probably warranted by the bird's habits, but the name which they give it, Doue, "the God," is a distinct legacy of paganism.—Temple Bar.

Influence of Music.

In the investigation of the influence of music on men and animals Professor Tarchanoff of St. Petersburg used the [illegible] of Mosso and found that, if the fingers were completely fatigued, tension had the power of making the fatigue disappear. He found that music of a sad and [illegible] character had the opposite effect and could check or inhibit the contractions. The author is inclined to suppose that the voluntary muscles are [illegible] furnished with excito-motor and depressant fibers, act in reference to the [illegible] similarly to the heart—that is, joyful music resounds along the excitator fibers and sad music along the depressor or inhibitory fibers.

Experiments on dogs showed that there was capability of increasing the [illegible] of [illegible] increased by [illegible] of [illegible] of oxygen [illegible] it was also [illegible] that music increases the [illegible] activity of the skin. The author claims [illegible] result of [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] —Popular [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] —Dr. John Hall.

THE OLD GINHOUSE.

Swinging vines have grown around it,
Trumpet vines with garlands bound it,
Yellow jessamine [illegible] and crowned it,
Laughing roses red and gold
[illegible] the [illegible] keeping
Hid the windows [illegible]
Every [illegible] with beauty draping
In the ginhouse gray and old.

In the corner [illegible] squirrels [illegible],
O'er [illegible] song,
With a bark [illegible]
Owl, who [illegible] blinked;
And [illegible] with sudden stirring
From [illegible] twilight blurring,
Flit the bats with dusky whirring
Round the ginhouse gray and old.

Oh, the days well nigh forgotten,
When [illegible] the floor now rotten
Wave [illegible] of snowy cotton
[illegible]
[illegible] singing
[illegible] ringing
[illegible] swinging
From the ginhouse gray and old!

Oh, those songs with sweetness teeming,
Chasing care and pleasure [illegible]!
[illegible] dreaming,
By sad memory softly trilled,
And at evening echoes dying
[illegible] 'neath the pine trees lying,
Listening to the wind low sighing
Round the ginhouse gray and old.

Lorn is now the old plantation,
Fairest spot in all creation,
Teardrops choke the sad relation
And its sorrow can't be told.
Posts [illegible] of ruins hoary
O'er [illegible] song and story,
All must yield in beauty's glory
To the [illegible] ginhouse old.
—S. M. Peck in New York Independent.

IT WAS EASY TO DO OVER.

How Her Husband's Desk Was Transformed Into a Sideboard.

A suburban woman is obliged to endure the gibes and jeers of her family without retaliation because of her credulous faith in a suburban cabinet maker. An heirloom, on the husband's side, was an old fashioned mahogany desk of more curious than artistic make. It was useless as a desk and not pretty as a piece of old bric-a-brac, so when an idea for its evolution came to her she was doubly pleased. She consulted the suburban cabinet maker, who pronounced her plan entirely feasible and announced himself willing to carry it out before she broached it to her husband.

"Make a buffet, or serving sideboard, out of my great-grandfather's desk!" repeated he, when it was broached. "It can't be done, my dear, and I hate to have it touched too."

"But you don't like it," now coaxed the wife, "and the cabinet maker says it will be very easy to do over. It will be the desk, slightly enlarged, that is all. The lovely doors will be set under the shelf as panels, and those graceful columns will stand out in added beauty as front supports. He will have to add a little wood and introduce a mirror, but all the choice mahogany of the desk will be preserved and show much more effectively."

In the end he was persuaded, and the desk was taken away. Some weeks passed, during which the wife made several visits of inspection to the cabinet shop, seeing parts of the work and acquiescing to various suggestions and additions to the original plan.

The evolved buffet was finally delivered one evening not long ago. Its own father would never have known it. There were six feet of sideboard against the former two of desk, and the original doors and columns were there, but that was all of the first piece of furniture, which had been built on and added to till it stretched half way across the dining room.

The wife turned pale, the husband groaned. "What have you done?" cried one.

"My lost great grandfather's desk!" exclaimed the other.

The cabinet maker withdrew, after laying a folded paper upon the table. The husband [illegible] first and opened it. It was a bill of $[illegible] for "work and wood furnished." Curtain!—New York Times.

Frenchmen Believe In Woman's Ability.

Frenchmen are great believers in woman's work, and a splendid tribute to the educational value of women has just been paid by Le Temps, which strongly advocates their appointment to all state schools for boys up to the age of 12 years. The military laws of the country cause, it seems, an annual diminution in the number of male schoolmasters, and there seems some danger of the supply ultimately falling far short of the demand. Le Temps suggests this possibility should be anticipated by appointing schoolmistresses, so that young France seems more than likely to be trained by the gentler sex. Woman, says this influential organ, is a far better educator than man, and boys trained by her up to an age when firm discipline is required are certain to have the foundation of stronger and nobler characters laid than when placed from early childhood in the hands of men. This is indeed a tribute to the gentler sex.

Prayerful Revenge.

A Puritan preacher named Boyd was in the habit of inveighing against Cromwell. Secretary Thurlow informed the latter, advising him to have the man shot. "He's a fool, and you're another," said the protector. "I'll pay him out in his own coin." He asked Boyd to dinner and before giving him any prayed for three hours.

A Witty Abbot.

Francis I of France, being desirous to raise a learned man to the highest dignities of the church, asked him if he was of noble descent. "Your majesty," answered the abbot, "there were three brothers in Noah's ark, but I cannot tell positively from which of them I descended." The witty abbot obtained the appointment.

[illegible] cramp or rheumatism in the legs of [illegible] the bird for several months [illegible] hot as the hand can [illegible] the legs well for several minutes. After drying anoint and rub well with lard and alcohol.

The [illegible] stings its prey to death [illegible] secreted in its tentacles.

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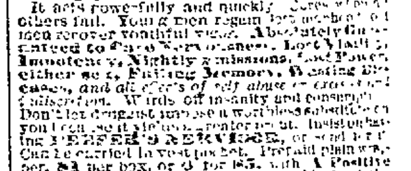
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N. Y., L. E. AND W.

[In effect Nov. 10, '95.]
CITY DEPOT.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 1	8:55 am	No. 12	4:30 am
No. 5	10:20 am	No. 16*	[illegible] pm
No. 3	10:55 pm	No. 8	[illegible] pm
No. 37 (local)	7:45 am	No. 35 (local)	[illegible]

Nos. 37 and 38 run between Galion and Dayton only.
No. 16 runs to Salamanca only.

[In effect Nov. 10, '95.]

C. AND E. DIVISION.

MARION JUNCTION DEPOT.

WEST.		ARRIVE.	
No. 1	9:00 am	No. 12	4:15 am
No. 5	10:55 am	No. 2	[illegible] pm
No. 3	11:25 pm	No. 8	[illegible]
No. 33	12:55 pm	No. 32	[illegible]

Nos. 33 and 32 run between Marion and Lima only. Nos. 1 and 2 run daily except Sundays, and stop at all stations.

[In effect 12:00 m. Sunday, Oct. [illegible] 1895.]

BIG FOUR.

EAST.		WEST.	
No. 35	9:10am	No. 11	[illegible]
No. 2	5:25 pm	No. 3	[illegible]
No. 18	10:57 pm	No. 55	[illegible]
No. 51 local	5:55 pm	No. 55 local	[illegible]

No. 11, daily, stops at LaRue.
No. 3, daily except Sunday, makes local stops.
No. 35, daily, makes local stops.
No. 2, daily, stops at Caledonia.
No. 2, daily except Sunday, makes local stops west of Galion.
No. 18, daily, does not make local stops.
Local, daily except Sunday.

[In effect Nov. [illegible]]

C., H. V. and T.

(BUCKEYE ROUTE)

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
No. 31	6:30am	No. 36	[illegible]
No. 33	10:25am	No. 34	[illegible]
No. 35	4:25pm	No. 32	[illegible]
No. 37	10:30pm	No. 30	[illegible]

SANDUSKY SHORT LINE

[In effect Sept. [illegible]]

NORTH BOUND.		SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 2	9:06 am	No. 1	[illegible]
No. 4	5:37 pm	No. 3	[illegible]

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THE HOLIDAY TRADE.

AN ADVANCE VIEW OF WHAT THE PUBLIC WILL FAVOR.

Japanese Goods Show the Greatest Novelty—New Toys In Great Array—The Great Number of Novelties Very Noticeable. Public Taste Improved.

Jobbers are now showing goods for the holiday trade. Although assortments are not yet complete, enough is already on view to permit a fair general idea to be formed of the selections that have been made. French china and glass ware are prominent; the Austrian small wares and toys are in immense variety; German products are most noticeable in porcelains and fine textiles. The greatest number of novelties are shown in Japanese goods. These embrace bamboo, porcelain and textile work in greater variety and opulence of design than ever before shown in this market. Especially noticeable is this in metal work, in which this nation is still wholly unapproached.

The chastening of taste during recent years is conspicuous when the colors and designs of goods of every variety are compared with those that enjoyed a vogue but a few seasons back. Among materials largely used in this year's goods celluloid is even more prominent than ever, and better work is displayed. Leather goods are also noticeable in the higher qualities, the cheaper sorts being comparatively neglected. The silversmiths have never been represented to better advantage, the more artistic forms of their work being undeniable. Ornaments for the dining table are more prominent this year and in greater variety than heretofore, and once more the good taste displayed in form is worthy of remark.

The array of toys surpasses that of any previous season in variety of designs, the number of these in cast iron, neatly painted, displaying marked enterprise in the producers. The more elaborate mechanical toys, too, are generally in advance of those of previous years. Of some of these it is not too much to say that they are droll enough for the entertainment of adults. In short, the notions departments of the large jobbing houses begin to take on the look of veritable fairs. The retail dealer as well as his customer later on seem likely to be embarrassed only by the distraction of making a choice among novelties of rival attractiveness. Apart from this trade view, there is matter for real self congratulation in the manifold evidence of an improved public taste and more cultivated artistic appreciation.—New York Sun.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

A French View of M. Bourgeois' New Cabinet.

A chemist for minister of foreign affairs, a civil engineer for minister of war, a vaudeville writer for marine minister, a lawyer for finance minister, a doctor for minister of colonies, a Boulangist convict for minister of justice, a draftsman for minister of commerce, with the addition of a few "supes"—such is the ministry which the Radical party has just presented to France.

It lacks only a communist to make the collection complete. It is the most absurd cabinet that parliamentarism has so far brought forth since 1870. M. Bourgeois has chosen from among the politicians the very men who, for many reasons, inspire Frenchmen of good sense with the greatest distrust, as if he wanted to defy public opinion.

President Faure allowed the thing to go ahead. He put no obstacle in the way of the realization of the hopes of Messrs. Bourgeois & Co. They cannot now accuse him of having indirectly favored the Moderates by restraining the action of the Radicals. And we have today before our eyes the result of the enterprise.—Courier des Etats Unis.

This Year's Wheat Crop.

Sir John Bennet Lawes, the well known English chemist and scientific agriculturist, has issued his annual review of the wheat crop of 1895. He says that the chief features of the crop are the high quality of the grain and the small quantity of straw. Whatever the actual weight may be of a bushel of grain grown, farmers are required to deliver 63 pounds to the bushel. This year the measured bushel frequently weighs 63 pounds, and British grain will be in request by millers.

The shortness of the straw is a great misfortune, as the value of the straw is the chief reason that many farmers continue to grow wheat. The actual imports of wheat within the harvest year of 1894-5 were nearly 24,750,000 quarters, instead of 21,500,000 quarters, as was estimated. Sir John estimates the total available supplies from home and foreign sources at 32,333,000 quarters.—New York Sun.

Alpine Accidents.

Statistics collected by a Swiss writer show that Alpine climbing is not so dangerous as is generally supposed. The number of persons killed annually, he declares, is 41, but there is a tendency toward decrease. During 1894 the number of fatal accidents was only 37, although climbing was never so much in fashion. Of these 37 accidents there were 11 in which the victims were guilty of gross carelessness or imprudence.

Law Stronger Than Social "Pull."

Miss Elizabeth Flagler's indictment for manslaughter in shooting a little negro boy who was stealing pears proves that social "pull" isn't absolutely supreme over the penal code, even in Washington.—New York Recorder.

That Nation of Shopkeepers.

If I get into trouble over the Monroe doctrine, I'll lose the $25,000,000 a year the Yankee tourists are bringing me, and that's worth more than a slice of Venezuela, blawst it!—J. Bull.—Chicago Tribune.

HE EXPLAINED.

The Swim Wasn't So Bad, but the Wait Was Disagreeable.

They were sitting by the rail on the upper deck watching the lights of a great city.

They were taking a moonlight excursion around the breakwater, but the moon was not out that night.

When the boat got under the lee of the two mile crib, the band quit playing.

"Supposing the boat should sink," she coyly suggested, getting a little closer to him at the same time.

"We'd swim r—," he said, with no outward show of emotion.

"But I can't swim," she said ingenuously.

"Leave that to me," he answered, with apparent unconcern.

"Could you swim to the shore?"

"Easy enough."

"And take me with you?" she asked, leaning a little heavier on him.

"Just like going alone," he said, getting a waist hold with his right.

"Did you ever swim it?" she asked, showing her confidence in him at the same time by pressing her shoulder into the bulge on the line of his chest measurement made by his cigarette package.

"The last time I was out here I swam in," he said, taking a fresh hold on her hand.

"Wasn't it just terrible?" and in the excitement she had worked up she brought her other hand into play, placing it on the back of his neck with a light, easy motion.

"No; it just made me tired was all."

"What do you mean?" she asked, trying to read his thoughts by the red gleam from the lighthouse.

"Why, I had to whistle four times before the bridge opened," he replied, dropping his finely shaped head till he attained a tender attitude.

Then she righted up on her own steamer chair and began unfurling her balloon jibtopsail sleeve on the port side, while he got out his cigarette package and tried to find one that wasn't cracked.—Chicago Tribune.

Utterly Shameless.

"I admit some of the stories about me are true," said the cholera microbe, "but I didn't go into this business in pursuit of health."—Chicago Tribune.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

Distinguished, but Unknown.

"You've probably heard of me?" he said as he walked up to a patrolman at the corner of Woodward and Michigan avenues the other night at a late hour.

"Can't say I have," replied the officer as he looked him over.

"You haven't? Haven't heard of Bald Eagle Bill of the Black Hills, the man who clubbed six Injuns to death in 1861?"

"No, sir."

"You don't mean to tell me," continued the man as he pranced around the officer, "that you haven't heard of the man who choked a mountain lion to death barehanded?"

"Never heard of him, sir."

"And you didn't read in the papers about the man who walked barefoot through Rattlesnake cove and kicked the heads off of 50 reptiles on the way?"

"Didn't see a line about it in the papers," steadily answered the officer.

"Look here," said the stranger as he came nearer, "you must have children?"

"Yes, sir."

"And these children go to school?"

"They do."

"And every time they open their First Readers they see a picture of me as I appeared when saving the lives of ten school children in Montana from a pack of ferocious wolves. With my bowie knife, sir, and with no other weapon but that, sir, I cut and slashed and stabbed, sir, and when I got through a score of the ferocious monsters lay dead at my feet, sir! Haven't your children spoken of the picture?"

"No, sir. What are you trying to get at, anyway?"

"What am I trying to get at?" repeated the man as he began to prance again. "Why, sir, I am trying to make you understand that I'm a dangerous man to be at large in this town. I ought to be watched. Some one ought to be at hand to restrain me in case I turn loose."

"I guess not!" dryly replied the officer as he tapped the lamppost with his club.

"You don't think I'm dangerous, then?"

"Not at all. You are simply a wind bag on wheels, and you won't damage anybody except with your mouth! Better move on and keep quiet!"

"You are talking that talk to me, are you?" demanded the Bald Eagle from the west in menacing tones.

"Yes, sir, and if you hang on here I'll run you in for a common vag!"

"Run me in for a common vag! Run Bald Eagle Bill into the coop along with a gang who don't know one end of a gun from the other. Great snakes, but I must be dreaming! You are talking to me, are you?"

"Git!" said the officer in reply as he swung his club with one hand and pointed into the darkness with the other.

The Bald Eagle got. He went like a man who has just discovered that he has left his pocket book under the pillow at home, and in a minute he was out of sight. Then, as the officer stood peering into the gloom and breathing hard, a voice which was half sob, half groan, came to his ears from across the Campus, saying:

"And he was talking that talk to me—to the man who has lived for weeks on raw centipeds and made playmates of the Gila monsters! Ah—um! I'll wipe this town off the face of the earth before daylight, and that ignoramus of a policeman will be to blame for the slaughter!"

Johnson Wasn't Home.

I had planned to stop at Johnson's cabin for two or three days and meet up with a couple of prominent moonshiners, but when I reached the place I found the family were absent. A colored man who passed by told me that he had met Johnson and his wife on the road going to town and that they would return before dark. I therefore sat down on the doorstep to wait. I had smoked half a pipe, and I happened to be looking into the woods across the road, when I saw a man rise up from behind a log with a rifle in his hands. A glance was enough to show that he was a native, and feeling the want of company I sauntered down the path and crossed over to him. As I drew near and saluted him I noticed that he looked chagrined.

"Shooting squirrels?" I asked as I offered him some tobacco.

"No, sah!" he stiffly replied as he refused the gift.

"I'm waiting here for Johnson. The family have gone to town."

"And Johnson ain't home?"

"No. Did you wish to see him?"

"No, reckon not."

With that he turned and sauntered off and I saw him no more. That evening I told Johnson about the man and expressed my surprise that he was so gruff.

"Reckon he was disapp'inted," replied the old man with a laugh.

"How disappointed?"

"Waal, that was Joe Handy. Me'n Joe hev had four or five tows at each other 'bout a lost hawg, but no one's bin hurt. I went to town today mostly to git another pop at him. He cum up yere mostly to git a pop at me."

"Did you mean that he was hiding behind that log to get a shot at you?" I exclaimed.

"Fur shore!"

"But he might have shot me by mistake."

"In course! That's what I can't make out—why he didn't do it!"

How He Fixed It.

At the foot of a long hill I came upon a negro cabin, with an old man sitting on a bench at the door and two bottles beside him. As he saw me he called out:

"Fo' de Lawd, white man, but I dun wisht you'd help an ole man in trubble!"

"What's the matter, uncle?" I asked as I sat down beside him.

"I'ze bin mighty porely fur six weeks back, sah, wid rumatiz in dat right knee an a dreffal pain yere in my heart. I sent to de doctah fur medicine, an yere it am, but as I can't read I can't tell which from which."

"Let's see," I said as I took up the bottle. "This one is for external and that one for internal use. You can remember that, can't you?"

"What's dat sternal mean?" he anxiously queried.

"External means the outside and internal the inside. One is evidently a liniment for your knee and the other something to ease the pain around your heart. I'll mark this with a lead pencil, and you must remember it's to take three times a day."

"But I'll dun forgit!" he protested. "Befo' you git across de branch I won't 'member which 'sternal dat mark stands fur."

"But you must."

"Can't do it nohow, white man, but I reckon I can fix it all right. Dar, now, I'll pour all de stuff into one bottle. Den I'll rub some on my knee an take some in a spoon, an, betwixt do two, she's bound to hit de sternal spot fur shah!"

He Got Some Statistics.

"I am not taking the census exactly," he said as the lady of the house found him at the side door with notebook and pencil in hand, "but nevertheless the statistics will be of value to mankind. Will you kindly answer a few questions, madam?"

"Perhaps," she replied, looking upon the man with suspicious eye.

"Thank you in advance. Question No. 1: Have any persons called at your house within the last year to ask for food or old clothes?"

"About 1,000!" replied the lady.

"Ah! I will make the number 1,000. Question No. 2: Did you respond to the calls of the distressed in each and every instance?"

"No, sir—in no instance! I got through with deadbeats a year ago!"

"Ah! A year ago. Is that decision final, ma'am?"

"As firm as the hills!" she replied.

"Then it would be no use for me—to"—

"No, sir!"

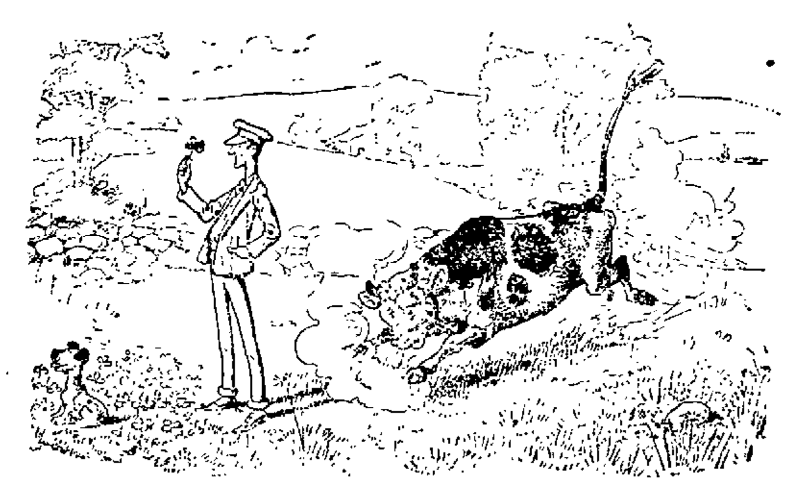
"Nor to call later on?"

"No, sir."

"I see, ma'am, and it only remains for me to"—

"To fold up your little book and move on, sir!" she finished as she closed the door on him.—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

A CORRECT PROPHECY.



"Hooray! A four leaf clover. That means a raise."—Life's Calendar.

Real Excitement.

"Yes," said the meek looking man, "I've no doubt you've had some great hunting experiences in the west."

"I have, indeed."

"Buffalo hunting"—

"Sure!"

"And bear hunting"—

"Of course!"

"Well, you just come around and let my wife take you house hunting and bargain hunting with her. Then you'll begin to know what excitement is."—Washington Star.

Began Too Late.

"I have come," said the benevolent looking gentleman with the high brow, "to ask your co-operation in our crusade against the barbarous practice of wearing the wings of song birds as trimming for ladies' hats."

"It can't be stopped now," said the prosperous citizen. "So many birds have been killed that the price has become so high that every woman in the land will have a bird trimmed hat or divorce."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Mistaken Idea.

Mormon Elder—I want a pair of boots for my wife.

Bootmaker—Yes, sir. What number, please?

Mormon Elder—Seventeen.

Bootmaker—Seventeen! Great Brigham Young, sir! We haven't boots of that size.

Mormon Elder (sternly)—I'm not speaking of the number of the boot, sir, but of the number of my wife.—Tit-Bits.

Not Mean.

"Won't you put your name down for something for this charity?"

"No; I will give nothing!"

"Well, then, will you write your name for $50 for appearance's sake?"

"For appearance's sake? Oh, well, I am not stingy! I will write $50."—Fliegende Blatter.

Hidden.

"Never let me see your face again," he cried harshly.

"Very well," she answered.

She could not blame him, but when she thought of the future and the time she would have to devote to her complexion she shuddered.—Detroit Tribune.

Sure to Be Hard.

"I see there is a prospect of a hard coal combine this winter," said the man who lives in a flat, as he stopped the householder at the street corner.

"Naturally," replied the householder bitterly. "Any coal combine is sure to be hard."—Chicago Post.

Her Reason.

"And so you are engaged to Cholly Chubbins?" said one girl.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How did he ever persuade you to marry him?"

"Oh, he hasn't persuaded me to marry him. You know that lovely solitaire ring he had?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wanted it to wear to a progressive euchre party."—Washington Star.

Appetizing.

Minnie—Mr. Yabsley says that you set the most appetizing luncheons he ever tasted.

Mamie—Indeed?

Minnie—Yes, indeed. He said that he could eat more after one of your luncheons than he could after any one else's.—Indianapolis Journal.

Should Have Called a Clerk.

"Is this attar of roses the strictly genuine article?" inquired the young woman.

"I'd a little rather you wouldn't ask me that question, miss," said the druggist. "I've lately joined the church."—Chicago Tribune.

No Comparison.

[illegible] has been taking part in amateur [illegible]—Oh, I am so tired! I had to stand all the evening!

[illegible] in the audience—My [illegible] had to stand nearly as [illegible].—Pick Me Up.

A Needleful

of Willimantic Spool Cotton is a test of the whole spool. The end of the spool is the same as the beginning. It stands every test for strength, evenness and uniformity of quality. Try

Willimantic ★ Star Thread

on your machine and see if there isn't better results; try it for mending and see if it doesn't stand the wear and tear better than any you ever used. It's stronger than linen; better than silk for ordinary use. Ask the dealer for it.

Send 21 cents and receive six spools of thread, any color or number, together with four bobbins for your machine, ready wound, and an interesting book on thread and sewing Free.

WILLIMANTIC THREAD CO., Willimantic, Conn.

NEW
Fall and Winter Goods.

Williams & Leffler
THE LEADING TAILORS,

Have now in stock all the Newest Designs, Colors and Mixtures. A great variety of Plain Goods, in all makes, which they will make up at the lowest possible prices, consistent with first-class workmanship. Satisfaction is always given.

IF YOU WANT

COAL---Either hard or soft,
SALT---Fine or coarse,
CEMENT---Either Portland or Louisville,
PLASTER---The Knickerbocker,
Connellsville Crushed Coke.

SOLD ONLY BY
Simon E. DeWolfe

HIGHEST GRADE,
Recommended by the Best Bakers to make the Whitest and Sweetest . . BREAD Obtainable. Use
"B" PRIDE OF MARION FLOUR.

REACHING THE PEOPLE!

If there is an advertiser who hasn't made his fall contracts, who makes his contracts on a business basis, we want his eye or ear. It is useless to talk to the sentimental advertiser. Our argument is a business one.

We Believe the Star, With Its Daily and Weekly Editions, Goes Into More Homes in Marion County Than All Other Marion Papers Put Together.

We do believe this. We know that honest advertising in the the Star brings returns. The best advertisers in Marion attest the Star's ability to bring returns.

The business advertising deal is made for profit. It costs more to buy an ad in the Star than any other paper, but real circulation considered, it is much the cheapest.

We will be glad to quote rates and exhibit circulation records upon application. Get in line now. There's prosperity in the air this fall.

The Star,
Phone 51. 229 E. Center.

Don't Wait for Cold Weather
. . . . . It Won't Wait for You!

Prepare yourself early, properly and economically. You can do all three things at this store. Our 45c Underwear is one of our famous trademarks. You can get 45c underwear at other stores but not quite so good as ours, that's why we sell so much of it--white, gray and red, all sizes.

Those heavy Cotton Flannel Drawers with the double seams and extra crotch piece to prevent ripping are one of the great sellers--sizes from 30 to 46.

Everybody ought to have one of those Storm Caps. They protect the ears, neck, face and chin. Come in and see them.

Overcoats, Suits and General Furnishings in best qualities and low prices.

SAM OPPENHEIMER,

STRICTLY ONE PRICE. BENNETT BLOCK.

D. YAKE, DRY GOODS, WRAPS, CARPETS, ETC.

* 5000 *

Bohemian Glass Vases, Rose Bowls,

Flower Baskets, etc., In 100 different Shapes and Tints.

2000

Beautifully Decorated French China Sugars and Creamers, Cups and Saucers in all the newest styles.

TO BE GIVEN FREE

WITH EACH CASH PURCHASE OF $1.00 AND UPWARDS.

SAMPLES CAN BE SEEN IN OUR NORTH WINDOW.

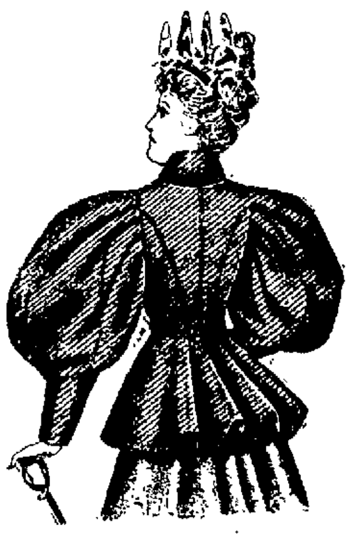
We are also making GREAT REDUCTIONS in our entire mammoth stock FROM NOW UNTIL AFTFR THE HOLIDAYS.

WE QUOTE A FEW PRICES:

$12.00

Boucle

Cloth Jackets, all the new weaves, Mandolin sleeve, ripple back, 1 and 6 button box fronts,



Only $7.50.

Ladies' Jackets.

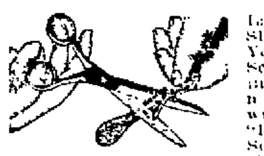
$7.00 French Beaver Jackets, the new sleeve, ripple back, 1-button box front, greatest value ever known--

ONLY

$4.98.

$25.00 Silk "Boucle" Jackets. Newest styles--

$18.00.



Ladies, Sharpen Your own Scissors in a half a minute with an "Ideal" Scissors Sharpener

ONLY 25c Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

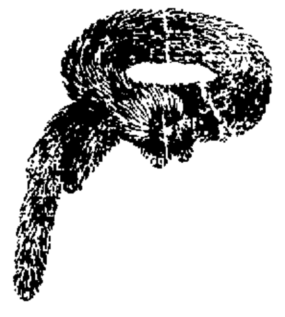
98c

Buys an elegant 8-yard

Dress Pattern.

Plain and novelty patterns. Only a few left.

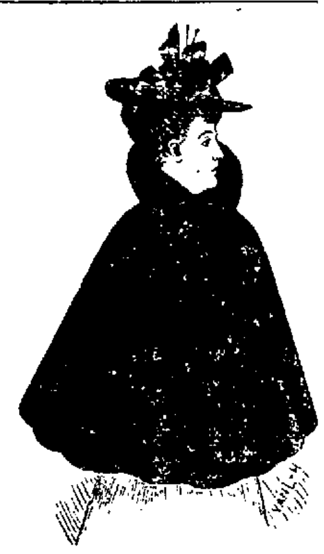
Fur Scarfs



Mink, Krimmer, etc.,

$1.99.

IN FUR CAPES WE ARE LEADERS.



$15.00	Capes. Seal Capes 27 inches long only........	$8.00
25.00	Cape. Seal Capes 30 inches long only......	15.00
25.00	Electric Seal Capes 27 in. long, genuine Marten collar, only	18.00
27.50	Labrador Wool Seal Capes 27 in. long, Marten collar and edge, full sweep, only ...	20.00
35.00	Labrador Wool Seal Capes 30 in. long, 120 in. sweep, Marten collar and edge, only .	25.00
45.00	Moire Astrachan Capes 30 in. long, 120 in. sweep, only......	35.00

FASCINATORS ALL THE NEW SHADES **25c up**

Blankets and Comforts

Regular $1.00 Blankets only	69c Pair
Regular $1.75 Blankets only	99c Pair
Regular $5.00 all-wool Blankets only	$3.49 Pair

Regular $3.00

Homemade Comforts,

Madras and Silkoline covers, very pretty colors and designs--

ONLY **$1.98.**

Ladies' and Children's

Heavy Weight Fleeced Lined

Underwear,

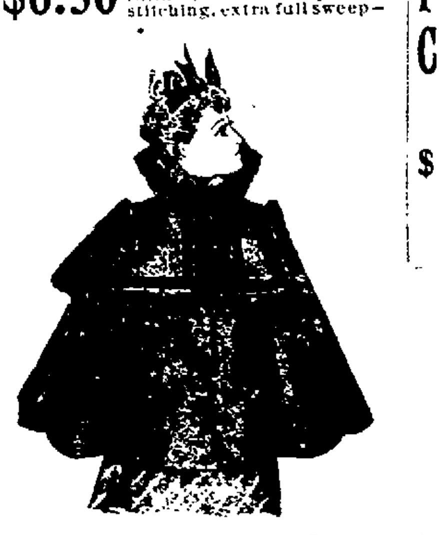
Regular price 50c, only . . . **25c**

Ladies' and Children's Heavy weight Fleeced lined

UNION SUITS.

Regular 75c quality, only. **50c**

$6.50 Double Cloth Beaver Capes, satin or tailor strap, 5 row stitching, extra full sweep--



Plush and Cloth Capes.

$12.00 Plush Capes only only $8.50.

$25.00 PLUSH CAPES. Thibet and Jet trimmings, double and single capes, only $15.00.

Only

$4.48.

D. YAKE, 111 N. Main St.

SCRIBNER-FRANCIS

THE PARLORS OF HOTEL MARION THE SCENE OF A PRETTY WEDDING.

Mr. Harry O. Scribner and Miss Rose Francis United in Mrrriage, Tuesday Evening, by Rev. John L. Hillman. The Bridal Couple Congratulated.

Mr. Harry O. Scribner and Miss Rose Francis were married by Rev. J. L. Hillman at the parlors of the Hotel Marion, Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

The parlors of the hotel were comfortably filled at the hour set for the wedding with the friends and relatives of the contracting parties when Prof. Becker took his place at the piano and struck the opening notes of Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

The bridal party came down from the floor above and, preceded by Rev. Hillman, slowly walked to the north front of the parlors and took position facing their friends. The marriage service was spoken by Rev. Hillmen the responses made by the groom and then by the bride and the ceremony was closed by the invocation of the divine blessing upon the newly wedded pair

Immediately those present offered their congratulations. It is safe to say that the bride never looked lovelier. Endowed with a striking beauty it was intensified as,gowned in cream silk and carrying a huge bunch of bride roses, she stood at her husband's side and received the many expressions of congratulations and wishes for a long and happy wedded life from her friends.

The last friend having spoken his pleasure in the mutual happiness of those whom the night had seen wedded, Mr. and Mrs. Scribner took a carriage for their suite of rooms in the Thomas block, but not, however, without being showered with rice as they passed under the east balcony of the hotel.

Mrs. Scribner is a sweet and lovely gentlewoman of winning ways and charming disposition, loved and admired by all who know her. The groom is one of the hustling young business men of the city, a junior partner in the firm of C. Turner & Co, and a man known and honored for his integrity and business probity, a fitting mate for the bride which Tuesday night took him "for better or for worse."

Mr. and Mrs. Scribner were handsomely remembered by their friends.

Biggest wrap sales we ever had at a special sale. Thursday is the last day.
UHLER, PHILLIPS & CO.

PERSONAL.

R. L. DuVall, of Chicago, was in the city Tuesday.

E. Huber made a business trip to Columbus today.

Mrs. Emma Pettit is the guest of friends in Delaware.

Dr. Rhu was at Upper Sandusky, Tuesday, on business.

Mrs. T. H. Hodder was the guest of friends in Columbus today.

Dr. M. C. Steeves was at his former home, Delaware, on Tuesday.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of Cincinnati, is the guest of friends in this city.

Miss Joe Harshberger returned last night from an extended visit in Bucyrus.

Mrs. T. P. Wallace, Mrs. Maggie Patten and Wallace Whitmarsh were at Prospect today.

Mrs. George B. Donavin, of Delaware, is a guest of Mrs. W. E. Scofield, to remain during the week.

John Matter, of Chicago, is in the city, coming here to hunt quail with William Fies and Frank Arrowsmith.

J. A. Schroeter has returned home from a three days' visit with relatives at Warrensburg and Delaware.

Attorney J. A. Garver, a prominent member of the Mt. Gilead bar, was in Marion today, transacting business for his clients.

Mr. and Mrs. William Etherton returned today to their home in Tennessee after a very pleasant visit with friends in this city.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle on hand.

Take a look at our underwear before you buy. 305t3 Martin & Wiley.

Probate Court.

Marriage license issued, Tuesday, to Harry O. Scribner and Rose Francis.

Marriage license issued to Charles L. Martin and Ollie M. DeLauder.

Marriage license issued to Edwin Hudson and Rosella Boblenz.

Those who heard Dr. Lanceley during conference will tell you to not miss him tonight.

GOLD PENS

For both ladies and gentlemen. Coarse, medium or fine, in long, short or stub nibs. Fit in any style of holder to suit.

Fountain Pens.

We have four different styles of fountain pens and all of these as well as all our other pens are fully guaranteed

D. M. Odaffer & Co.

WARNER & EDWARDS.

The Frosty Mornings, The Winds that Chill, Remind You of Warmer Underclothing, ...

And we are prepared for those buyers who want Underwear that's well knitted, perfectly shaped and priced right. We don't think you can find a single faulty garment in the entire collection.

Wright's Popular Fleeced Underwear.

Wright's Health Underwear for children.......... ..	35c, 37c, 40c, 43c.
Wright's Wool Fleeced Underwear for children..........	60c, 65c, 70c, 75c.
Electric Jersey Ribbed Underwear for children at....	33c.
Ladies' Egyptian, Ribbed Fleeced, Underwear at....	20c.
Ladies' Heavy Ribbed Underwear at....	25c.
Ladies' Natural Gray Vests at...	50c.

The Correct Shapes in Ladies' Union Suits

Visit our Gents' Furnishing Dept. for the best values in the city in Men's Underwear.

Warner & Edwards.

LARROWE'S Country Buckwheat

Is grown in the country, ground in the country, sent sealed from the country to you. Larrowe's kiln-dried Country buckwheat is pure buckwheat—no adulteration—no hulls—no dirt—pure buckwheat. The kind you used to get. If you want some buckwheat cakes of the good old kind ask your dealer for Larrowe's or write to

LARROWE MILLING CO., Limited, COHOCTON, N. Y.

Special Drives in Gloves and Mittens AT BARRETT'S

Men's unlined gloves, good yellow oil tan leather, just the thing for a working glove.	25c.
Men's leather faced mitttens. Good red felt mitten, faced with heavy muleskin leather, will wear like iron, only..........	20c.
Men's lined leather mitten, good grades, extra heavy oil tan stock, heavy worsted ribbed knit wrist, fleece lined throughout. Biggest value ever offered for..........	25c.
Men's lined glove, fine oil tan leather, heavy knit "T" wrist, fancy overstitched back, fleece lined all through. Best you ever saw for...	35c.

You will find our store the best place to buy all kinds of gloves and mittens for your whole family.

Underwear and hosiery ditto.

BARRETT, THE BARGAIN GIVER.

113 S. Main Street. - - - - J. E. Rhoads' Old Stand

Removed = =
For Fall and Winter=1895 1896
W. G. WINNEK==

Has removed to second floor, corner East Center and State Streets, opposite Hotel Marion, where he is now prepared for the Fall and Winter trade, with specially selected styles for merchant tailors of all the latest novelties adapted to the prevailing fashions, for gentlemen's business and dress suits, overcoats and trousers. All garments made by Winnek are unsurpassed in cut, style and finish.

Tomorrow!
Thursday, Nov. 14!

LAST DAY OF
OUR SPECIAL WRAP SALE!

It has been a wonderful success. We want the last day to be a boomer and have added some choice things to the list of reduced prices.

UHLER, PHILLIPS & CO.